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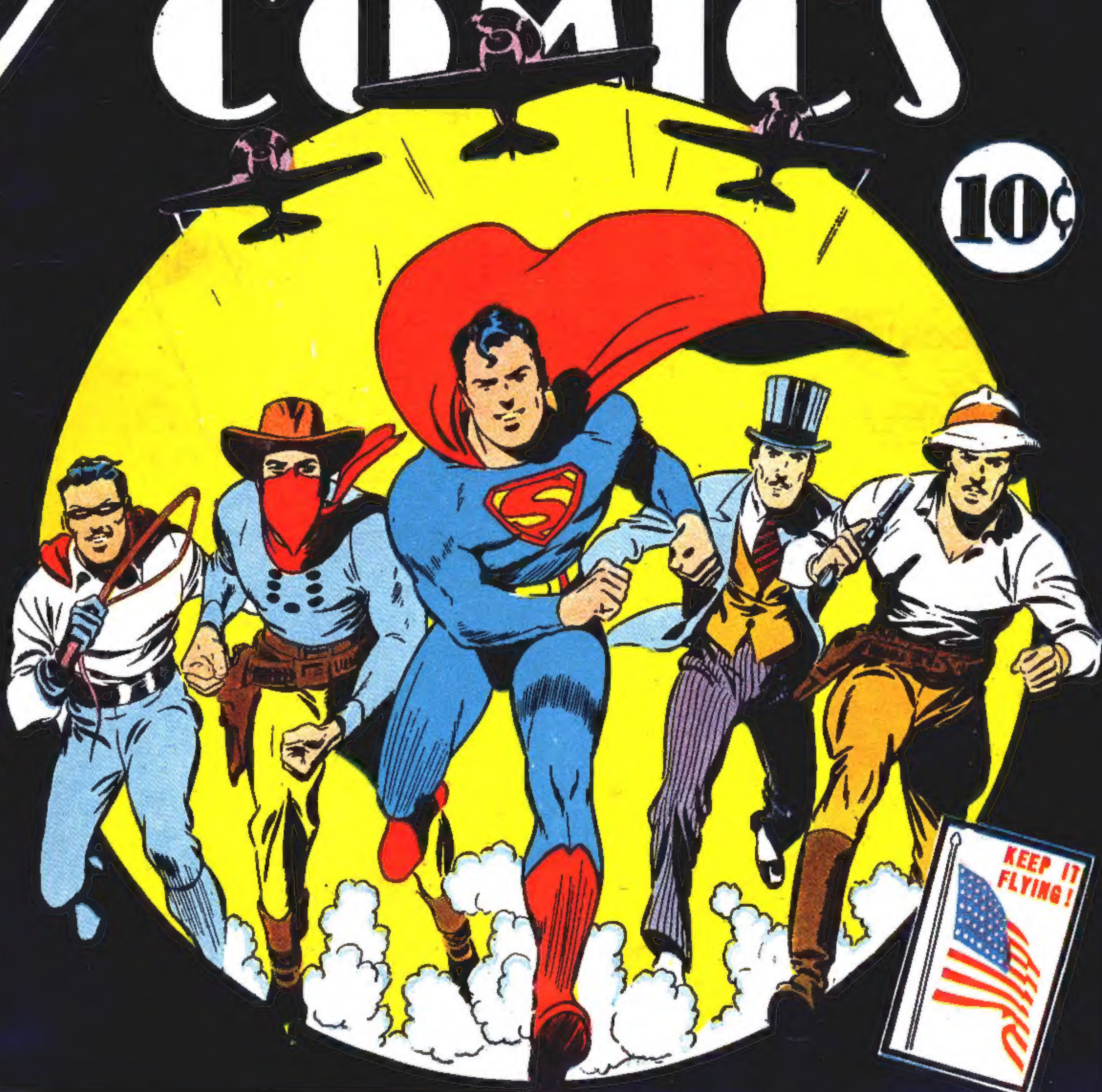
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SEPT.

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GOOD BOOKS WORTH READING

reviewed by JOSETTE FRANK, staff advisor

Child Study Association of America

COWHAND GOES TO TOWN

By Phil Stong

With pictures by Kurt Wiese

To young Sam Volney, living on the Circle V Ranch, life was exciting enough at times—but especially at round-up times. Sam was twelve and a pretty good roper by now, for he had had plenty of practice roping his long-suffering dog. This year he was to be allowed to go along with the cowhands to the round-up, to live and eat and rope with the best of them.

This would be fine. But there were two things he wanted even more: to go to the big city and to tote a six-gun of his own.

He got one of his wishes. When the cattle were ready for market his Dad rewarded him for his work in the round-up by taking him along in the caboose of the train to the market at Kansas City. He even had the thrill of running the locomotive himself across the state line from Texas to Kansas.

The sights and sounds of a big city were all new to this young cowpuncher—the great stock-yards, the theatre, the crowded busy streets, and, best of all, the hotels where one was served as if by magic. Especially fascinating was a wonderful, strange concoction called an ice-cream soda.

Back home on the ranch, Sam was full of delighted recollections. But something, he felt, was still missing. It wasn't until the following Christmas that his happiness was made complete, when the mail brought him, from Kansas City, the thing he wanted most in the world: a six-gun to wear in his belt.

This story is full of cowboy humor and fun, and so are the pictures. Ask for it at your library.

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Mars No. 3)

VWUHQJWK, FRXUDJII DQG MXVWLFH ZLOO
VHH XV WKURXJK.

SUPERMAN

JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

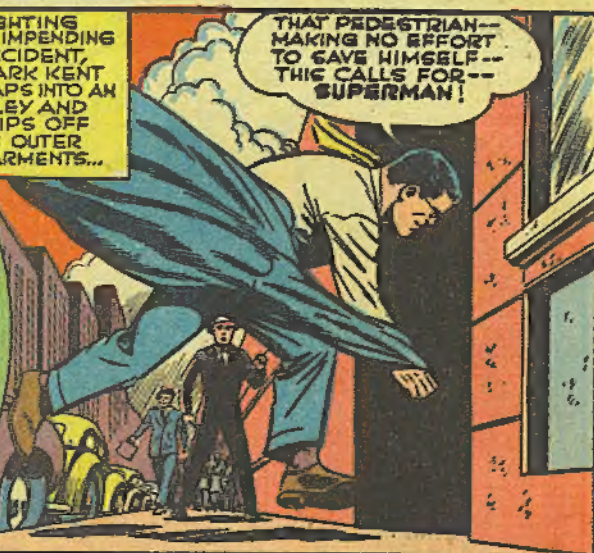
THIS IS A TALE THAT COULD OCCUR ONLY AFTER THE WAR... MANY YEARS HENCE! IT'S UP TO ALL OF US TO SEE IT DOESN'T!

LAND OF THE FREE AND HOME OF THE BRAVE! THAT'S AMERICA! BUT ONCE THERE WAS A SWASHBUCKLING, POWER-MAD FIEND WHO TRIED TO CHANGE IT TO LAND OF THE ENSLAVED AND HOME OF THE CRAVEN! A GRASPING, RUTHLESS OPPORTUNIST WHO SOUGHT TO SEIZE THE RICHES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA FOR HIS OWN! AND OF THE 130 MILLION CITIZENS THRU-OUT THE LAND, THERE WAS NONE TO OPPOSE HIM--EXCEPT ONE SOLITARY INDIVIDUAL. BUT THAT ONE WAS SUFFICIENT--FOR IT WAS NONE OTHER THAN THAT A-1 MUSCLE MARVEL OF ALL TIME...THE INCREDIBLE MAN OF TOMORROW! READ HOW SUPER-STRENGTH OVERCOMES MONSTROUS EVIL WHEN SUPERMAN CLASHES WITH.....
"THE EMPEROR OF AMERICA"!





SIGHTING AN IMPENDING ACCIDENT, CLARK KENT LEAPS INTO AN ALLEY AND WHIPS OFF HIS OUTER GARMENTS...



THAT PEDESTRIAN-- MAKING NO EFFORT TO SAVE HIMSELF-- THIS CALLS FOR-- SUPERMAN!



COULDN'T YOU HAVE FOUND A SAFER PLACE TO STROLL?



HOW CAN YOU BE SO CALM? DON'T YOU REALIZE THAT IF I HADN'T GONE INTO ACTION YOU'D BE A DEAD MAN?

IF THE AUTO HAD HIT ME--IT WOULD HAVE HIT ME. I SEE NO REASON TO GET WORKED UP.



SWITCHING BACK TO HIS IDENTITY AS THE NEWSPAPER REPORTER, CLARK ENTERS THE DAILY PLANET BUILDING SHORTLY AFTER...

AFTER OUR ARGUMENT LAST NIGHT, LOIS SWORE SHE'D NEVER SPEAK TO ME AGAIN. PERHAPS A BOX OF CANDY WOULD HELP CHANGE HER MIND.



STOP THAT MAN! HE'S STOLEN YOUR MERCHANDISE!

OH, LET HIM GO. IT'S NOT WORTH THE TROUBLE OF CHASING HIM.



A BOX OF CANDY--FOR YOU, LOIS!...ER...I WAS HOPING FOR A DATE TONIGHT.

CERTAINLY, CLARK. AND AS FOR OUR ARGUMENT LAST NIGHT--FORGET IT!



I DON'T GET IT! A MAN DOESN'T TRY TO AVOID BEING HIT BY A STREAKING AUTO-- A CLERK REFUSES TO PURSUE A THIEF-- LOIS FORGIVES ME AT ONCE! STRANGE!

BUT IS IT A COINCIDENCE, CLARK?

WASHINGTON, D. C.—A WEIRD AUTOGIRO ALIGHTS ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN...



I STILL THINK WE CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT!

IMAGINE! JUST THE FEW OF US TAKING OVER THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES!

CORRECTION, ONLY ONE PERSON IS TAKING OVER, AND THAT IS I, THE EMPEROR OF AMERICA!



WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

INSIDE, AND NO ONE WILL STOP ME!

SHALL I LET HIM HAVE IT?

NIX, THE EMPEROR SAYS NO SHOOTING UNLESS HE GIVES THE SIGNAL.



YOU SEE-- NO ONE DARES DEFY AN EMPEROR!

YOU'RE OKAY, EMP!

IN FACT, YOU'RE TERRIFIC!



THE BRASH INTRUDERS STRIDE INTO THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES...

YOU'LL HAVE TO GET OUT, THE UNITED STATES DOESN'T NEED A PRESIDENT ANY LONGER, NOW THAT I'M IT'S EMPEROR!

OUCH! I DON'T LIKE THIS! THE BOSS IS GETTIN' TOO HIGH-HANDED!

WE'LL PROBABLY GET LIFE FER THIS!



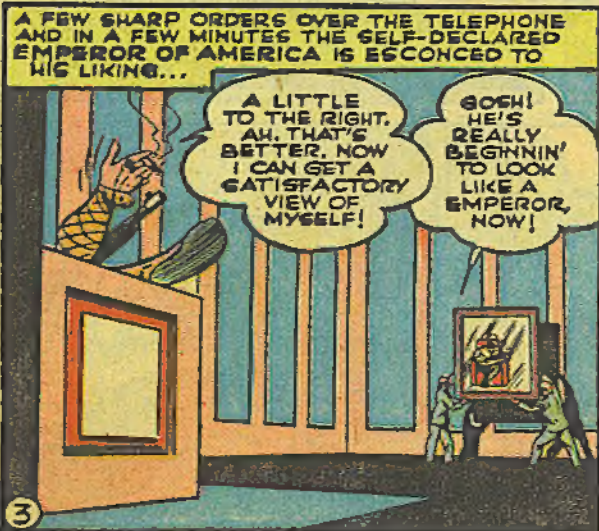
CERTAINLY, I'LL BE GLAD TO VACATE, BUT IT MAY TAKE ME A FEW MINUTES TO GATHER UP MY PAPERS.

THEN MAKE IT SNAPPY!

CHEE! THE PRESIDENT IS DOIN' JUST LIKE THE BOSS TELLS HIM!



NOW LOOK HERE, YOU MEN! I'M THE EMPEROR OF AMERICA NOW, GEE, AND I EXPECT THE PROPER RESPECT. FROM NOW ON, DON'T LET ME CATCH ANY OF YOU REFERRIN' TO ME AS "THE BOSS" OR "THE CHIEF" OR AS "THE BIG SHOT"! I'M THE EMPEROR OF AMERICA, UNDERSTAND?



A FEW SHARP ORDERS OVER THE TELEPHONE AND IN A FEW MINUTES THE SELF-DECLARED EMPEROR OF AMERICA IS ESCONCED TO HIS LIKING...

A LITTLE TO THE RIGHT, AH, THAT'S BETTER, NOW I CAN GET A SATISFACTORY VIEW OF MYSELF!

GOSH! HE'S REALLY BEGINNIN' TO LOOK LIKE A EMPEROR, NOW!



SOON AFTER-- THE ROYAL ROOM IS THROGGED WITH REPRESENTATIVES OF THE PRESS AND OF RADIO...

IN RESPONSE TO THE PLEADING AND CAJOLING OF OVER A HUNDRED MILLION AMERICANS, I HAVE RELUCTANTLY AGREED TO ASSUME THE OFFICE OF EMPEROR OF AMERICA!

HAIL THE EMPEROR! LONG LIVE THE EMPEROR!



BUT AS THE PLANE TRANSPORTING CLARK AND LOIS WINGS TOWARD WASHINGTON, D. C. -- THE SKY DARKENS--RAIN CASCADES--LIGHTNING FLASHES--WINDS BUFFET...

THE WEATHER'S GETTING WORSE ALL THE TIME! WHY DOESN'T THE PILOT ATTEMPT TO LAND AT A NEARBY AIRPORT RATHER THAN CONTINUE TOWARD THE DANGEROUS MOUNTAINS AHEAD?

BUT WE CAN'T DO THAT! THIS FLIGHT IS SCHEDULED AS NON-STOP AND ANY DEPARTURE FROM THE FORECAST PROCEDURE IS UNTHINKABLE!

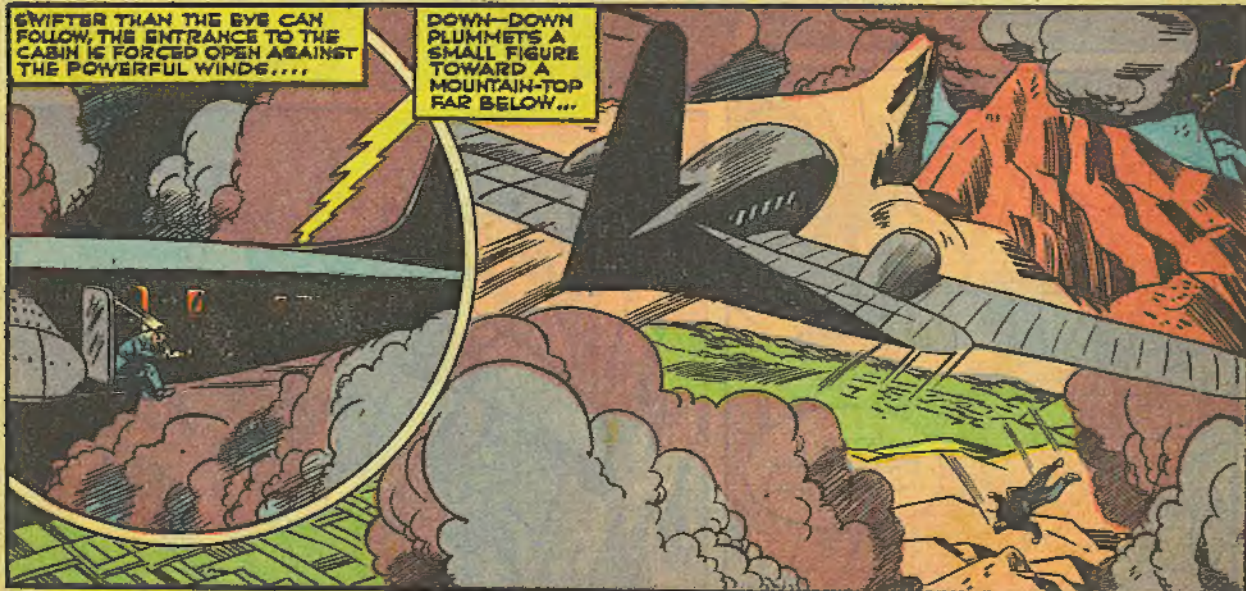
"I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS!" EXCUSE ME, LOIS, WHILE I GO WASH UP.

DON'T BE GONE LONG.

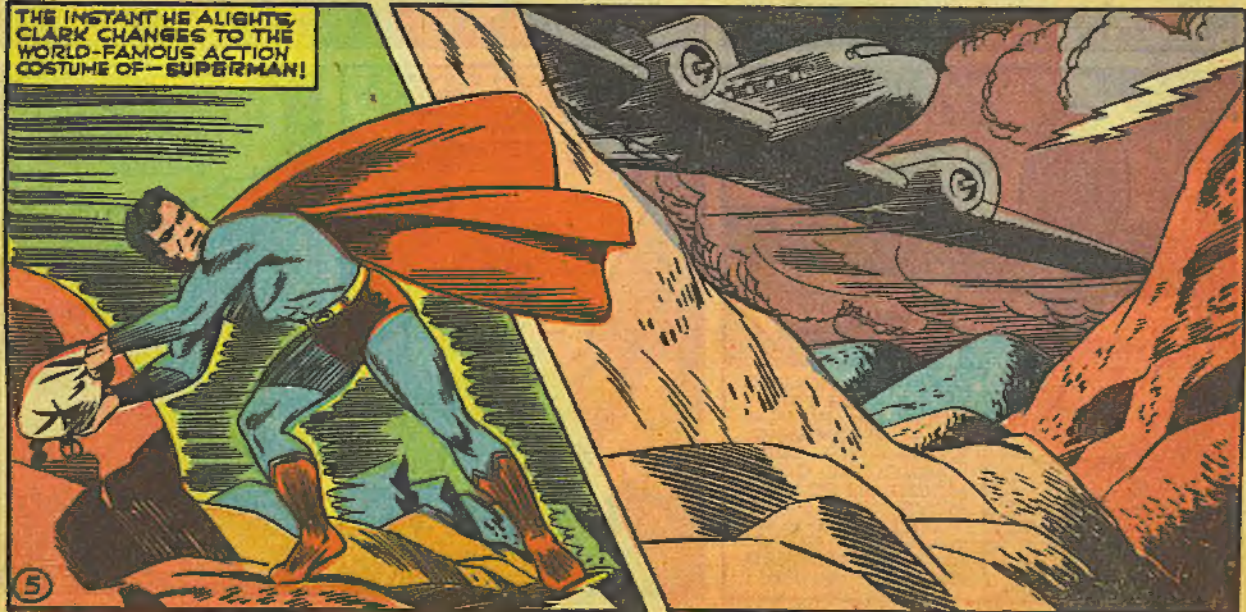


SWIFTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, THE ENTRANCE TO THE CABIN IS FORCED OPEN AGAINST THE POWERFUL WINDS....

DOWN--DOWN PLUMMETS A SMALL FIGURE TOWARD A MOUNTAIN-TOP FAR BELOW...



THE INSTANT HE ALIGHTS, CLARK CHANGES TO THE WORLD-FAMOUS ACTION COSTUME OF--SUPERMAN!



THE MAN OF STEEL'S INCREDIBLY POWERFUL MUSCLES LAUNCH HIM UNERRINGLY TOWARD THE MENACED PLANE. BUT AS HE NEARS HIS OBJECTIVE...

LIGHTNING—ABOUT TO STRIKE THE PLANE....!

IN FLASHES THE MIGHTY MAN OF TOMORROW, RECEIVING THE FULL FORCE OF THE LIGHTNING-BOLT HIMSELF...

GOOD THING I'M NOT TICKLISH!

THE CRACKUP—IMMINENT....!

HERE'S WHERE I IMPROVE ON NATURE!

BUT SUDDENLY AN ELEVATOR CONTROL CABLE SNAPS...DOWN SWOOPS THE PLANE TOWARD THE ROCKY TERRAIN...

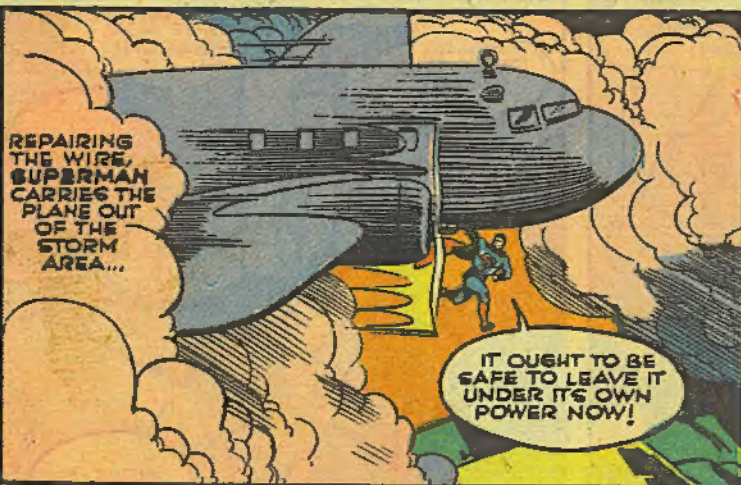
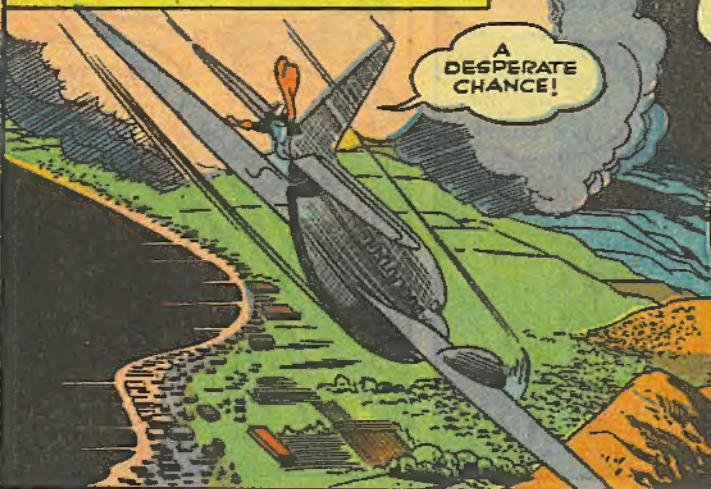
SECONDS... PRECIOUS SECONDS SLIPPING BY! AND IF I DON'T REACH THE PLANE SOON ENOUGH....!

QUIVERING VIOLENTLY BEFORE THE COLOSSAL POWER OF SUPERMAN'S STRENGTH—THE TWO CLOSE-GET MOUNTAIN PEAKS MOVE ASIDE...AND THE MENACED PLANE NARROWLY SLIPS THRU THE WIDENED BREACH—SAFE!

OVERTAKING THE FALLING PLANE, SUPERMAN CLIMBS ABOARD THE TAIL, DESPERATELY SHOVES AT THE ELEVATOR...

A
DESPERATE
CHANCE!

BUT IT
WORKED!!



REPAIRING
THE WIRE,
SUPERMAN
CARRIES THE
PLANE OUT
OF THE
STORM
AREA...

IT OUGHT TO BE
SAFE TO LEAVE IT
UNDER ITS OWN
POWER NOW!

SWITCHING TO HIS CIVILIAN GARMENTS
ONCE AGAIN, SUPERMAN STREAKS BACK
INTO THE PLANE'S INTERIOR...



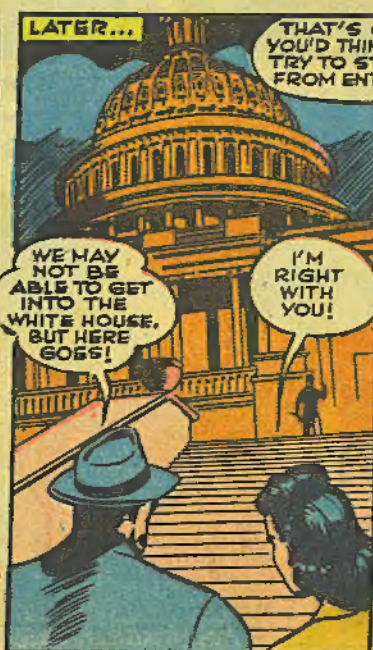
("-AND NOT
A SOUL
NOTED MY
ABSENCE!-")



WHAT HAPPENED?
I WAS POSITIVE
WE WERE GOING
TO CRASH!

AND WHAT
IF WE HAD?
YOU CAN'T
ARGUE WITH
FATE!

7



LATER...

WE MAY
NOT BE
ABLE TO GET
INTO THE
WHITE HOUSE,
BUT HERE
GOES!

THAT'S ODD!
YOU'D THINK HE'D
TRY TO STOP US
FROM ENTERING!

I'M
RIGHT
WITH
YOU!

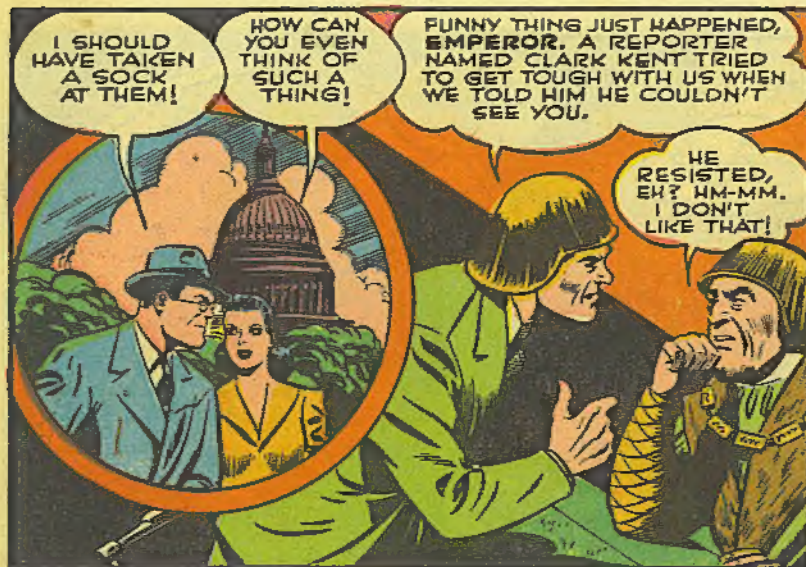


WHY SHOULD HE
--WHEN WE'RE
DETERMINED
TO GET IN?!

BUT CLARK FINDS THE SITUATION
VERY DIFFERENT WHEN HE EN-
COUNTERS THE THUGS OUTSIDE THE
EMPEROR'S CHAMBERS...

WE'RE LOIS LANE
AND CLARK KENT
FROM THE METROPOLIS
DAILY PLANET. WE'D
LIKE AN INTERVIEW
WITH THE EMPEROR.

WELL, HE AIN'T
SEEN' NO
ONE HOW-
SO BEAT IT!!



I SHOULD HAVE TAKEN A SOCK AT THEM!

HOW CAN YOU EVEN THINK OF SUCH A THING!

FUNNY THING JUST HAPPENED, EMPEROR. A REPORTER NAMED CLARK KENT TRIED TO GET TOUGH WITH US WHEN WE TOLD HIM HE COULDN'T SEE YOU.

HE RESISTED, EH? HM-MM. I DON'T LIKE THAT!



YOU HEAR ME, WHITE-- I WANT YOU TO PRINT WHAT I'VE TOLD YOU WITHOUT CHANGING A SINGLE WORD!

VERY WELL. BUT I DON'T THINK IT'S WISE!



LATE THAT EVENING...

A COPY OF THE DAILY PLANET WAS JUST FLOWN IN, YOUR HIGHNESS.

AN' THERE'S A STORY IN IT BY THAT KENT REPORTER-- BOY, DOES HE PAN YOU!

GET HIM! AND THE GIRL ACCOMPICE, TOO!



WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR TREASON!

NEXT-- THE GIRL!



YOU DARE PRINT THESE LIES ABOUT ME?

LIES? ALL I SAID WAS THAT YOU'RE A RUTHLESS, THIEVING REPROBATE--AND THAT'S THE TRUTH!

CLARK! HOW CAN YOU SAY SUCH THINGS?



YOU'LL DIE FOR THAT-- AND YOU'LL DIE LEGAL!

GET ME THE SUPREME COURT!

LATER-- RUMPLED, YAWNING, ROUSED FROM THEIR BEDS, THE SLIGHTLY DAZED BUT STILL DIGNIFIED MEMBERS OF THE SUPREME COURT CONVENE...



THE SPECIAL SESSION OF SUPREME COURT IS NOW OPEN!

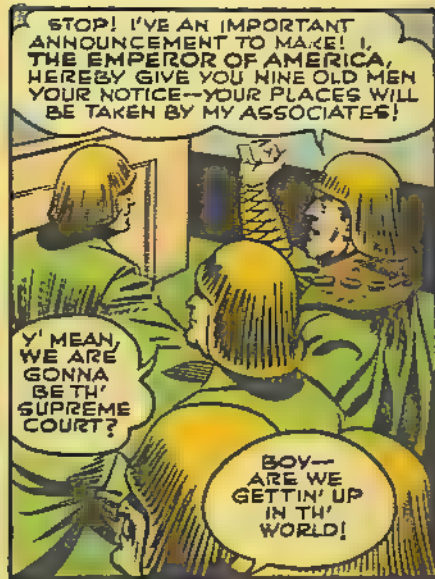
I CHARGE THE PRISONER WITH TREASON AND DEMAND THE DEATH PENALTY!



YES...I WAS PRESENT WHEN CLARK TELEPHONED THE DEFAMATORY STORY TO WHITE. I TRIED TO REASON WITH HIM...



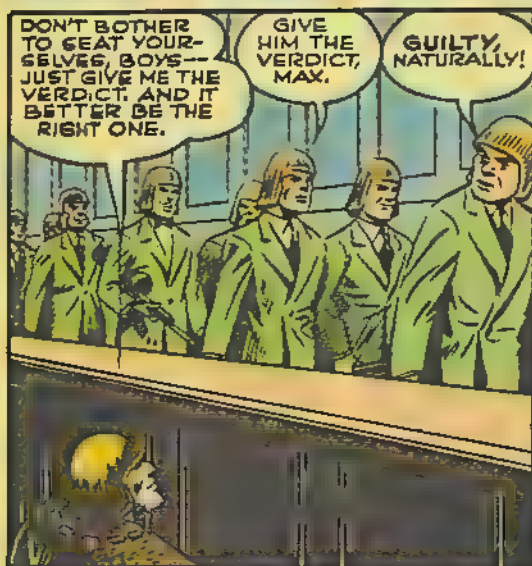
CAN YOU BEAT IT? FIFTEEN MINUTES HAVE PASSED ALREADY AND THE TRIAL HAS HARDLY EVEN BEGUN! AT THIS RATE, IT WILL TAKE DAYS TO REACH A VERDICT, AND I HAVEN'T THE TIME TO WASTE!



STOP! I'VE AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE! I, THE EMPEROR OF AMERICA, HEREBY GIVE YOU NINE OLD MEN YOUR NOTICE--YOUR PLACES WILL BE TAKEN BY MY ASSOCIATES!

Y' MEAN, WE ARE GONNA BE TH' SUPREME COURT?

BOY-- ARE WE GETTIN' UP IN TH' WORLD!



DON'T BOTHER TO SEAT YOURSELVES, BOYS-- JUST GIVE ME THE VERDICT, AND IT BETTER BE THE RIGHT ONE.

GIVE HIM THE VERDICT, MAX.

GUILTY, NATURALLY!



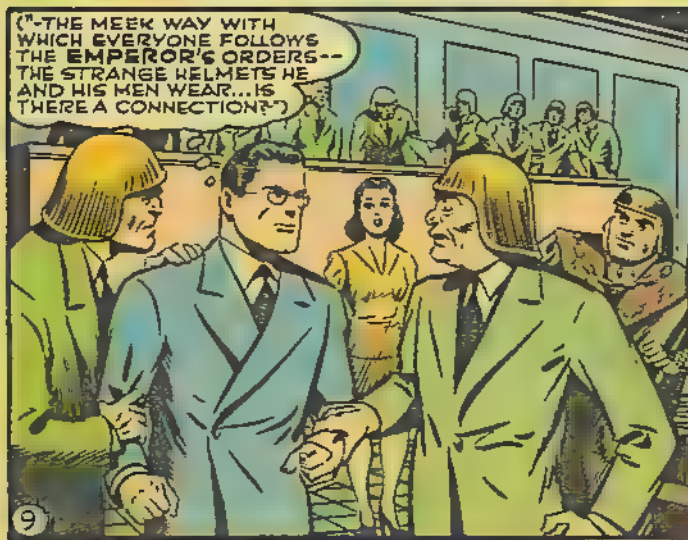
I PROTEST AGAINST THIS HIGH-HANDED UNDEMOCRATIC PROCEDURE!

I, MYSELF, WILL ANNOUNCE THE SENTENCE!

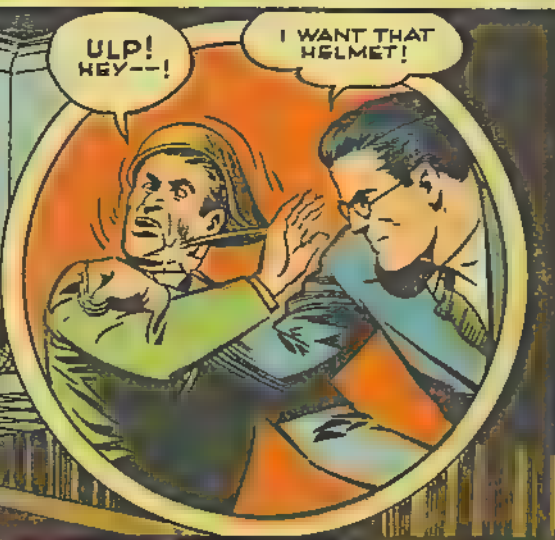


YOU WILL BE STOOD UP AGAINST A WALL AND EXECUTED BY A FIRING SQUAD-- AT ONCE!

I PROTEST! C'-IF THEY SHOOT AT ME AND I'M UNHARMED IT WILL REVEAL MY TRUE IDENTITY!-")



("-THE MEEK WAY WITH WHICH EVERYONE FOLLOWS THE EMPEROR'S ORDERS-- THE STRANGE HELMETS HE AND HIS MEN WEAR...IS THERE A CONNECTION?")



ULP! HEY--!

I WANT THAT HELMET!

HURRIEDLY HANDING LOIS THE THUG'S HELMET, CLARK TELLS HER TO DON IT, AND AS SHE OBEYS, WITHOUT HESITATION...

CLARK! I—I'M JUST BEGINNING TO REALIZE WHAT'S OCCURRED! OUR NATION SEIZED BY A TYRANT—AND NO ONE DOING ANYTHING ABOUT IT!

EXCEPT US! (—IT'S AS I THOUGHT! THE HELMET PROTECTS THE WEARER AGAINST THE COMPULSION TO OFFER NO RESISTANCE, AND I AM IMMUNE TO IT!—)

TAKE THEM AWAY! EXECUTE BOTH OF THEM!

GET MOVIN'!

I'M SORRY I GOT YOU INVOLVED IN THIS!

UNEXPECTEDLY TEARING FREE, CLARK RACES OFF FLEETLY...

HE'S GETTING AWAY!

WE KEEP MISSING HIM!

(—THE BULLETS ARE BOUNCING OFF ME AND THEY DON'T REALIZE IT!—)

RACING OUT OF VIEW, CLARK KENT CHANGES TO THE DYNAMIC IDENTITY OF...

SUPERMAN—IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO TAKE OVER!

READY, AIM—!

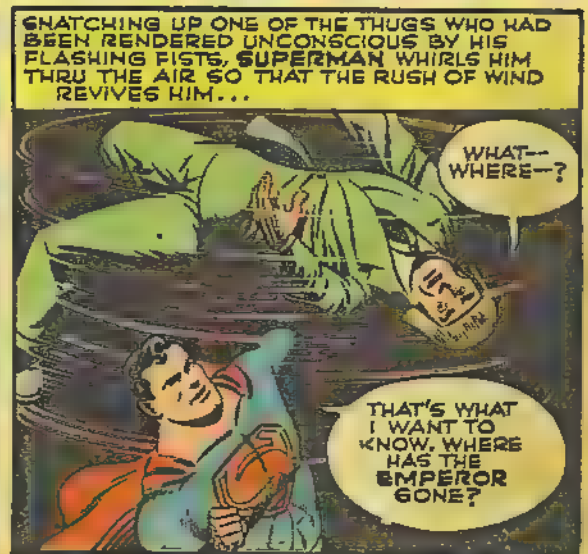
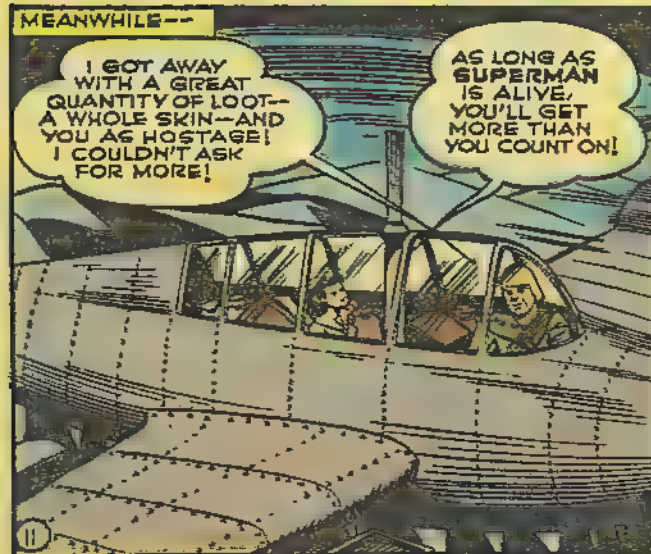
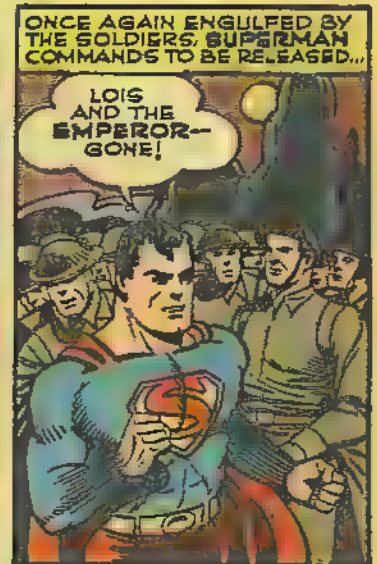
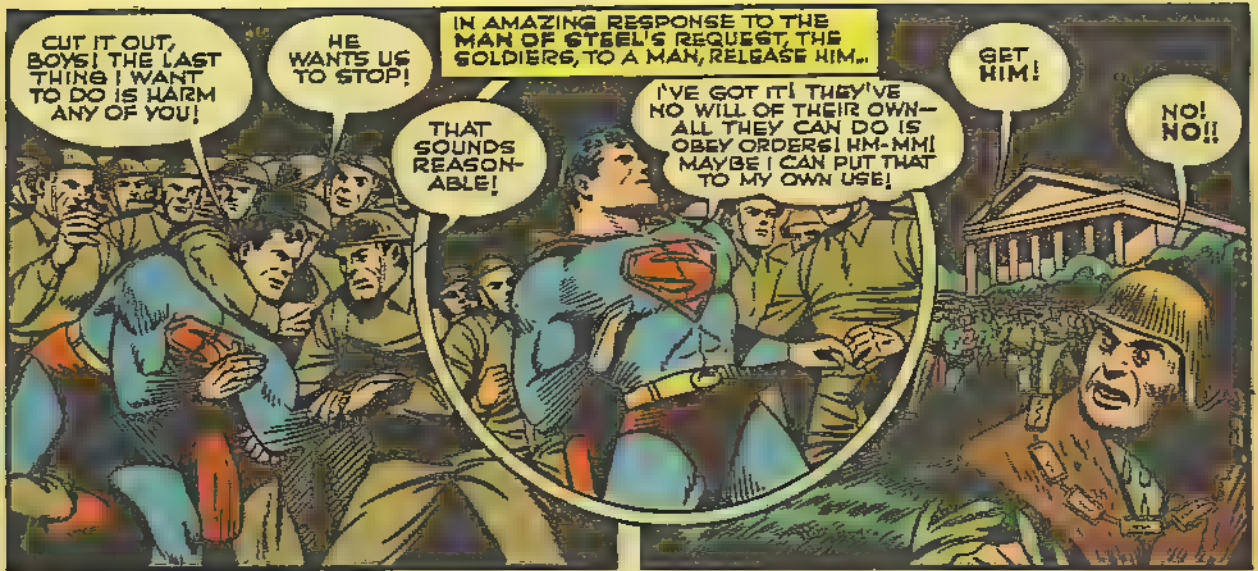
FIRE!

EXTINGUISHING FIRES IS MY SPECIALTY!

SUPERMAN—ATTACKING YOUR EMPEROR! CALL OUT THE ARMY!

SUMMONED BY THE TERRIFIED EMPEROR, A HORDE OF SOLDIERS CHARGES TO THE ATTACK...

HUNDREDS TO ONE! JUST THE KIND OF ODDS I LIKE! AND YET THOSE ARE AMERICAN SOLDIERS, SO I'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL NOT TO HARM THEM!



THAT'S
SOMETHING
YOU'LL NEVER
KNOW!

YOU'RE
GOING
TO CHANGE
YOUR MIND
PRETTY
QUICK!

NOW
WILL
YOU
TELL
ME?

CERTAINLY! WHY
NOT? HE'S PROB-
ABLY GONE TO HIS
LABORATORY
ATOP PENTON'S
PEAK!

REMOVING THE HELMETS OF
THE OTHER HIRELINGS SO
THAT THEY ARE RENDERED
HELPLESS, THE MAN OF
STEEL HURTTLES SKYWARD...

NOW FOR--
PENTON'S
PEAK!

AND AS SUPERMAN REMOVES
THE METAL HELMET...

I DESTROY
YOU AND
MY RAY-
MACHINE
AT ONE
STROKE...
ESCAPE
WITH THE
LOOT...

YOU
KILLER!

BEFORE LEAVING, I'D LIKE TO TELL YOU
ABOUT THIS WONDERFUL RAY OF MINE. IT
LOWERS ONE'S INITIATIVE, THE WILL TO RESIST.
UPON DISCOVERING IT, I IMMEDIATELY REAL-
IZED ITS POTENTIALITIES FOR PROFIT. I
BLANKETED THE NATION WITH THE INVISIBLE
RAYS--AND THUS RECEIVED NO OPPOSITION
WHEN I VENTURED TO SEIZE THE
GOVERNMENT!

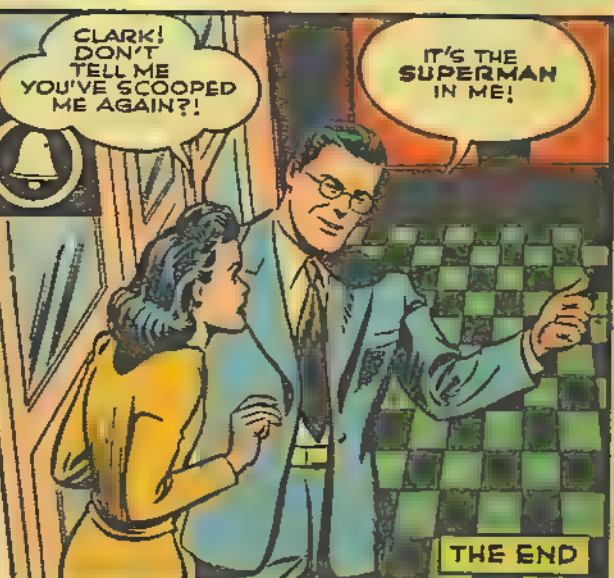
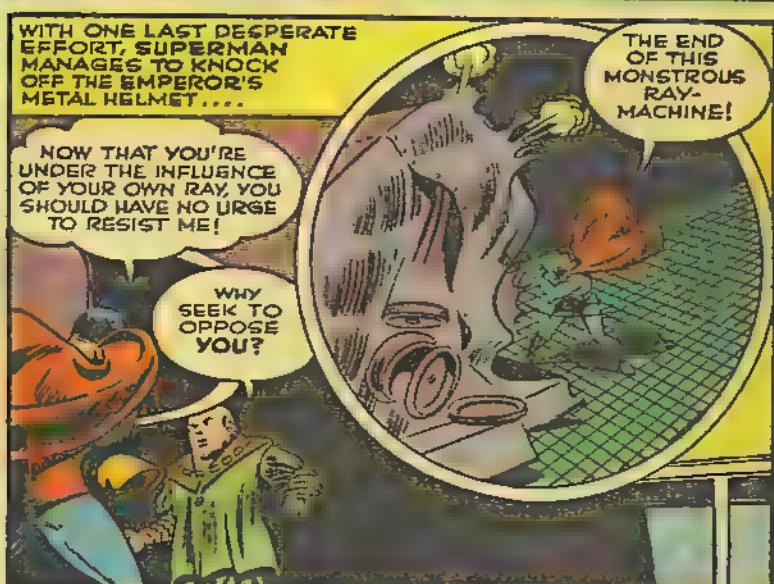
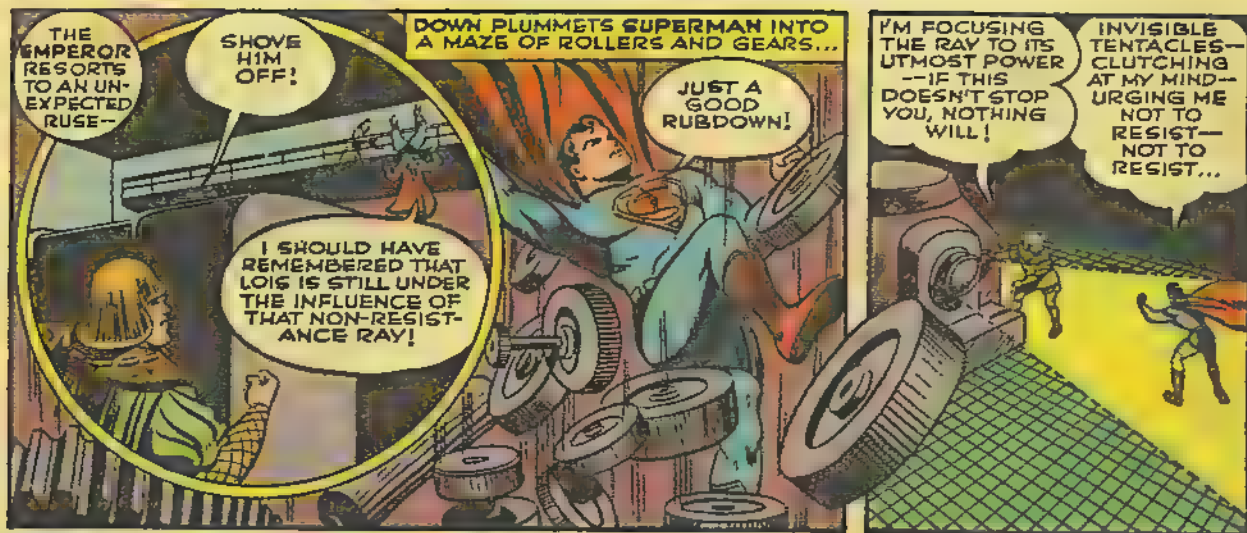
GOODBYE! IN A FEW
MOMENTS A BOMB WILL SEND
BOTH YOU AND MY DISCOVERY
TO ETERNITY! AND AS FOR
ME, I'LL BE ON MY WAY TO A
FOREIGN COUNTRY AND
A LIFE OF EASE!

OPTIMISTIC,
AREN'T YOU?

FIRST TO
ATTEND
TO THAT
BOMB--!

TEARING
OFF THE
BOMB'S
FUSE,
SUPERMAN
UNTIES
LOIS...

NEXT...
THE
EMPEROR!





SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

GREETINGS, SUPERMAN members. Somewhere over the dense, mosquito-ridden jungles of the Philippines, an American pilot slashes his plane through war-torn clouds, braving an anti-aircraft barrage. Close beside, just off the wing of his leader, flies another Yankee aviator. The two are wingmates, out on a reconnaissance mission.

Suddenly, there is the ominous sound of anti-aircraft fire scoring a direct hit! The rear plane gushes flame and smoke. The ship spins into a fatal half-mile dive, crashes to earth, explodes into a thousand fragments!

Machine-guns chattering a lethal song for the Jap enemy, the surviving American pilot swings back, zooms his ship down in a nerve-shattering power-dive, and strafes the parked planes on an airfield below. Five times the solo aviator sweeps low over his target, riddling the ships under him until they are a mass of splinters.

Again and again the fearless avenger zooms low, oblivious to the perilous gunbursts being showered at him. Suddenly, an enemy plane takes off. Unable to see it because his own wing is obscuring the view, the reckless pilot utilizes a stunt learned years ago . . . a stunt he has mastered during long hours of acrobatic flying practice as a youth.

Expertly, effortlessly, the pilot rolls his ship over on its back, obtains a perfect view of the Japanese plane. Then



he rights his ship, throttles back, letting his enemy gain a little headway. Finally, with the enemy plane clear in his sights, he presses his trigger . . . and grins victoriously as the steel-jacketed slugs rip a wing off the enemy ship.

A short time after, this same pilot is attacked by five pursuit planes. Once again using his acrobatic maneuvers to outfight the enemy, he blasts two of the ships out of the air, machine-guns a dozen planes on the ground that are about to go up—and returns to his home base. *But only because he is out of gas!*

Who is this daredevil American youth, who defies overwhelming odds, who fights his way dauntlessly through peril-

packed skies, outnumbered but not outfought?

His co-pilots call him "The Flying Fool." General Douglas MacArthur calls him "a great sky-fighter" and has raised him from the rank of Captain to Lieutenant Colonel.

He's a one-man squadron, this twenty-six year old ace. His name is Boyd (Buzz) Wagner and he hails from Johnstown, Pa. Wagner has long been interested in aviation. As a schoolboy, he participated in the Junior Birdmen, building and flying model planes with a thoroughness that the Japs are now feeling.

He studied aviation engineering at Pitt in 1936 and 1937, and enlisted in the Aviation Cadets in 1937. He was commissioned a second lieutenant in 1938 and went to the Philippines in 1940.

Young Wagner is not alone among the heroic air defenders of the Philippines. Others are fighting just as hard, just as bravely. But he personifies the spirit of the United States Army air forces, a spirit that is unconquerable, invulnerable. Truly he is a Superman of the United States Army!

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C.

SEPT.

Dear Superman:

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMAN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code.

NAME..... AGE.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

SUPERMEN OF THE U.S. ARMY

HIS HOBBY IS
SWING MUSIC!
HE KEEPS A
STACK OF HOT
RECORDS IN
HIS QUARTERS!



HE BUILT
AND FLEW
MODEL
PLANES AS
A SCHOOL-
BOY AND
STUDIED
AVIATION
ENGINEERING
AT PITT--

SKY FIGHTER!

LONG HOURS
OF PRACTICE
IN ACROBATIC
FLYING
HELPED TO
MAKE HIM
ONE OF
AMERICA'S
GREATEST
FIGHTING
PILOTS!

LT. COLONEL
BOYD "BUZZ"

WAGNER

U.S. ACE!

WAGNER, 26 YEAR-
OLD JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
PILOT, IS SAID TO BE
THE **YOUNGEST**
LIEUTENANT COLONEL
IN THE U.S. ARMY AIR
CORPS! HIS RECORD
AGAINST THE JAPS IN
THE PHILIPPINES WON
HIM THE DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE CROSS FOR
GALLANTRY IN ACTION!

IN HIS FIRST FORAY IN AUSTRALIA, BUZZ TOOK
PART IN THE MOST TERRIFIC MASS DOGFIGHT OF HIS
BRILLIANT CAREER! PLANES WERE TUMBLING AROUND
IN ALL SORTS OF MANEUVERS, BATTLING FOR TWENTY-FIVE
MINUTES UP AND DOWN THIRTY MILES OF COASTLINE!
WAGNER SHOT DOWN THREE JAP PLANES IN THIS BATTLE!

DON & NANCY

... COME TO THE RESCUE OF
THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC
... AND THEY ALL HAVE A
WONDERFUL TIME!

CHILDREN, I'M PROUD OF YOU
FOR DONATING SO GENEROUSLY
TO THE RED CROSS, EVEN
THOUGH IT MEANS GIVING
UP OUR CLASS PICNIC.

BUT, MISS WHITE, THERE IS
A DOLLAR LEFT IN OUR
TREASURY. CAN'T WE
STILL HAVE OUR PICNIC?

I DON'T
SEE HOW,
NANCY

REFRESHMENTS ON ONLY A DOLLAR?
WHY THERE ARE THIRTY OF US IN
THIS CLASS... THAT'S ONLY ABOUT
THREE CENTS FOR
EACH OF US!

WE KNOW HOW!
LET US PLAN THE
PICNIC AND WE'LL
SURPRISE YOU!

AT LAST CAME THE DAY OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL PICNIC...

M-M-M-M-
FROZEN SUCKERS!
MINE'S ORANGE
FLAVORED
WHAT'S YOURS?

GANGWAY, FELLOWS
ICE COLD DRINKS
COMING UP!
WHAT FLAVOR
DO YOU WANT?

WHAT FUN!
ICE COLD DRINKS,
FROZEN SUCKERS,
AND ICE CREAM
SHERBET!

HURRAH FOR DON
AND NANCY! CAN
I HAVE SOME MORE?
IT SURE TASTES GOOD!

ROOT BEER
FLAVOR! SAY,
THIS IS THE
BEST I EVER
HAD

LOOK, ICE CREAM
SHERBET! WANT
SOME, MARY?

IT'S A WONDERFUL PICNIC! DON
AND NANCY, HOW DID YOU DO SO
MUCH FOR SO LITTLE MONEY?

OH, IT WAS EASY!
MOTHER HELPED US A
LITTLE... AND KOOL-AID
HELPED US A LOT.
MOTHER ALWAYS SAVES
MONEY BY USING
KOOL-AID

I'LL SAY! A NICKEL
PACKAGE IS ENOUGH
TO MAKE TEN BIG
DRINKS OR TWENTY
FROZEN SUCKERS OR
EIGHT BIG DISHES
OF SHERBET!

KOOL-AID Costs So Little You Can Have It Often!

TELL your mother about Kool Aid, how ex-
tra good it is in so many different ways.
Once she discovers how swell it tastes and
how little it costs, you'll be having Kool Aid
drinks real often. Recipes on package tell
how to make frozen suckers and ice cream
sherbet, too. Ask mother to buy some Kool-
Aid today! Try all seven flavors!

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM! KOOL-AID BUBBLE GUM



HAVE YOU tried Kool-Aid Bubble Gum? It comes
in five different flavors, every one extra tasty and
chewy. And for blowing bubbles, Kool-Aid Bubble
Gum just can't be beat! You get a great big piece
for only a penny—and the flavor lasts a long, long
time. Remember that, and get more fun for your
money. Always ask for KOOL-AID Bubble Gum.
PERKINS PRODUCTS CO • CHICAGO



THE

VIGILANTE

BOO!
BOO!

GO BACK TO THE
PRAIRIE, TROUBADOUR!

GIVE 'IM
THE HOOK!

HO-
HUM!



WHO

By
MORT
MORTON
and
CLIFF
43

WHO IS AMERICA'S NUMBER ONE CROONER OF WESTERN BALLADS? THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR, YOU SAY... OF COURSE! BUT YOU'RE WRONG, FOR THE ONCE-FAMED STAR OF THE RADIO IS SLIPPING... AND THE FATE OF THE TROUBADOUR'S OTHER SELF... THE VIGILANTE... TREMBLES IN THE BALANCE!... WITHOUT HIS AIR-WAVE CONTACT WITH THE PUBLIC, WILL THE ROUGH-RIDING LAWMAN FROM THE RANGE GO DOWN TO DEFEAT IN HIS WAR AGAINST THE CUNNING OF CITY GANGSTERS?...

THE THEFT OF A CHILD'S VIOLIN SEEMS UNIMPORTANT IN COMPARISON... YET IT IS THE OPENING NOTE IN A CRASHING SYMPHONY OF PERIL THAT PROVIDES THE THEME SONG FOR OUR STORY...

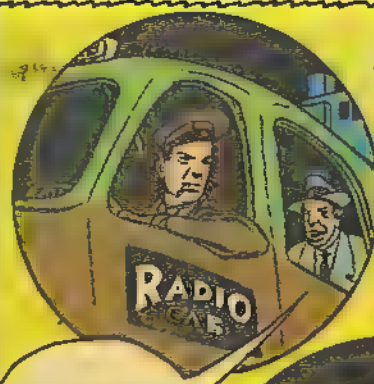
"Sing a Song of Six Guns!"

ONCE AGAIN THE PRAIRIE TROBADOUR
SERENADES HIS UNSEEN AUDIENCE....

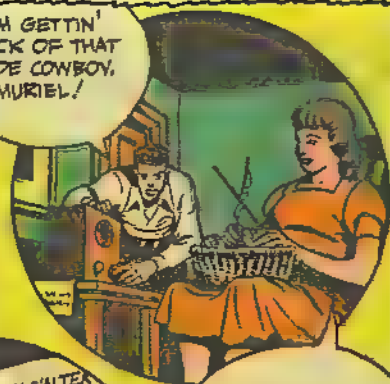


I'M HEADIN'
FOR THE
LA-AST
ROUNDUP...

TURN OFF THAT
TROBADOUR GUY
AND TUNE
IN SOME
JIM-JAM-
JIVE,
DRIVER!



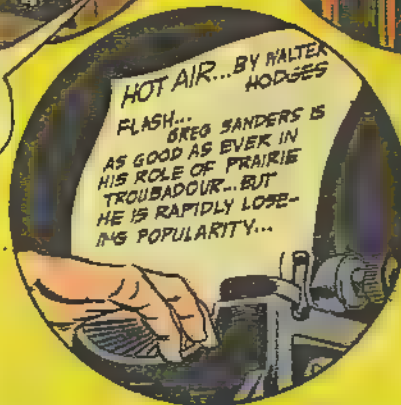
I'M GETTIN'
SICK OF THAT
DUDE COWBOY,
MURIEL!



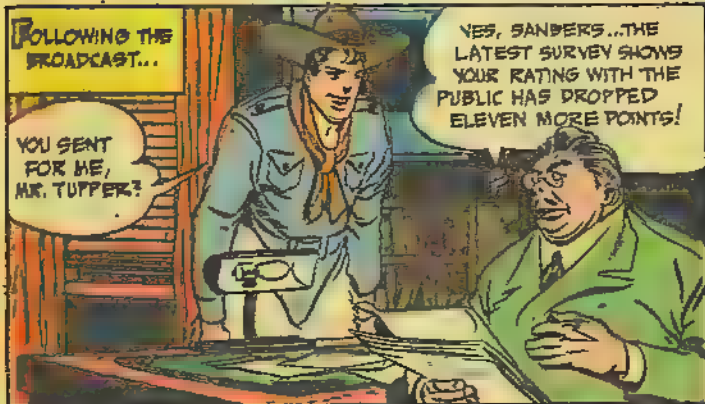
SO AM I, BILL...
SEE IF YOU
CAN GET THE
BROKEN
HEART
HOUR!

HOT AIR...BY WALTER
HODGES

FLASH...
GREG SANDERS IS
AS GOOD AS EVER IN
HIS ROLE OF PRAIRIE
TROBADOUR...BUT
HE IS RAPIDLY LOS-
ING POPULARITY...



FOLLOWING THE
BROADCAST...



YOU SENT
FOR ME,
MR. TUPPER?

YES, SANDERS...THE
LATEST SURVEY SHOWS
YOUR RATING WITH THE
PUBLIC HAS DROPPED
ELEVEN MORE POINTS!

MY VOICE IS AS GOOD AS EVER ...

SORRY, BUT WHEN A
MAN IN THIS
PROFESSION HAS
OUTWORN HIS
POPULARITY...WELL...
YOUR CONTRACT
HAS TWO MORE
WEEKS TO RUN--
AND WE SEE
NO REASON
TO RENEW
IT!



FIRED! IT'S NEVER A PLEASANT EXPERIENCE...BUT
IN THIS CASE THE TRAGEDY GOES BEYOND
PERSONAL FEELINGS...



IT ISN'T THE JOB
THAT WORRIES
ME...THERE'S
ANOTHER
CONSIDERATION
TEN TIMES
MORE
IMPORTANT...

FOLKS IN TROUBLE CAN REACH THE
VIGILANTE THROUGH ME...BUT
WITHOUT THE PRAIRIE TROBADOUR,
THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO MAKE THE
CONTACT!



...FOR GREG SANDERS IS IN REALITY
THE VIGILANTE, HARD-RIDING
LAWMAN FROM THE LAND OF THE
PURPLE SAGE, WHOSE WESTERN
WITS AND WEAPONS ARE THE
TERROR OF THE EASTERN UNDER-
WORLD!

NOTHING MUST INTERFERE
WITH THE VIGILANTE'S
PRIVATE WAR ON CRIME!
I'LL HAVE TO FIND A WAY
TO KEEP THE TROU-
BADOUR IN THE
PUBLIC EYE!



MEANWHILE, DOWN IN CHINATOWN, THE VIGILANTE'S LOYAL PARTNER, STUFF, IS HAVING TROUBLES OF HIS OWN...

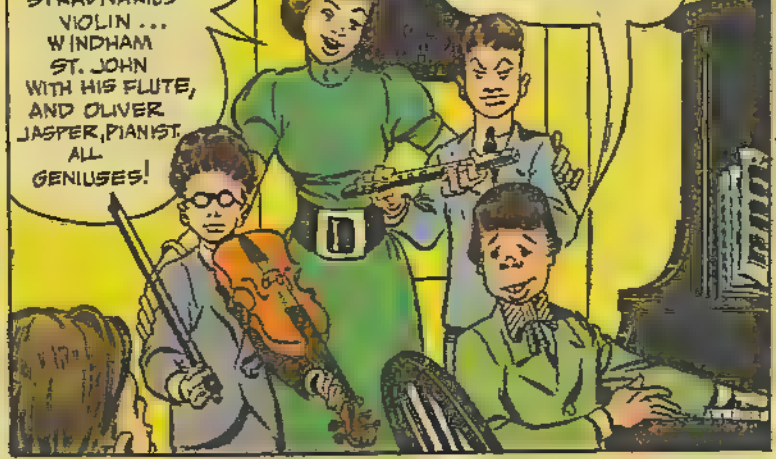
I KNOW YOU WILL ENJOY THIS CLASSICAL CONCERT BY THE FAMOUS TRIO FROM THE SCHOOL FOR ADVANCED CHILDREN!

SHE DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT. I'M WILLIN' TO STUDY TO GET SMART BUT FORCIN' Highbrow MUSIC ON ME IS TOO MUCH!



CHILDREN, HERE ARE REGINALD CREED WITH HIS RARE STRADIVARIUS VIOLIN... WINDHAM ST. JOHN WITH HIS FLUTE, AND OLIVER JASPER, PIANIST. ALL GENIUSES!

WE SHALL PLAY THE PRELUDE FROM MOZART'S "DON GIOVANNI."



GIVE ME JIVE... GIVE ME BLUES IN THE NIGHT... GIVE ME A LONESOME FOOSH KYOODLIN' AT THE MOON... BUT DON'T GIVE ME THIS GENIUS STUFF!



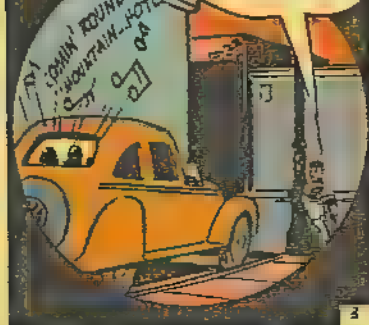
WHEN SCHOOL IS DISMISSED...

RICH KIDS LEAD A TOUGH LIFE... WONDER IF THEY HAVE ANY FUN?

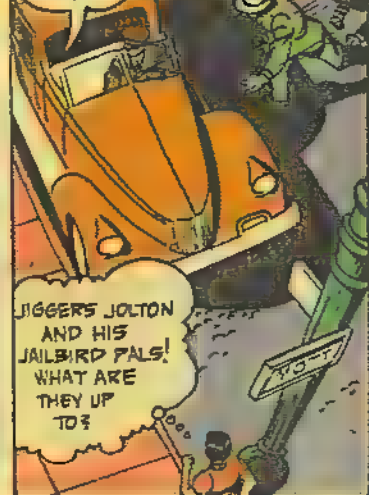


BUT AS THE GENIUS-TINGED TRIO SETTLES ITSELF IN THE PLUSH CUSHIONS, STRANGE SOUNDS BURST FROM THE LIMOUSINE'S WINDOWS...

HEY... THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! IT'S BETTERN THE HICKVILLE HILLBILLIES ON THE RADIO!



HIDE-NO AND A FLATFOOTTM FLOOMIE!

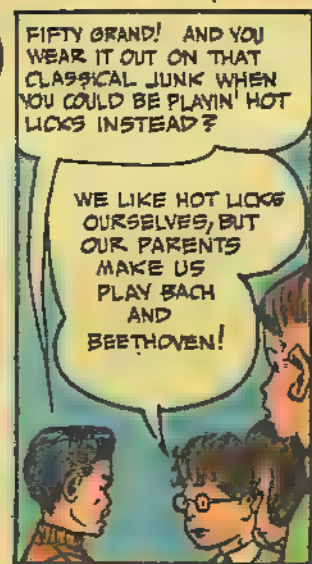
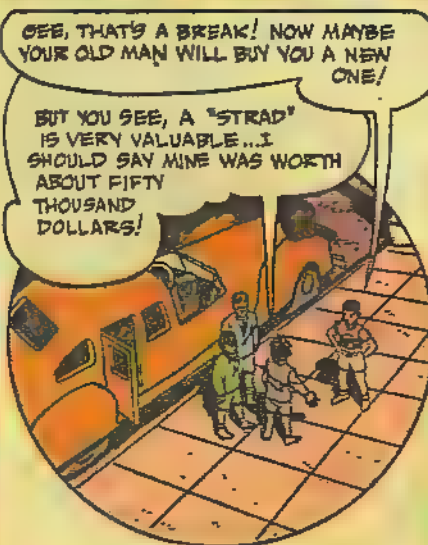
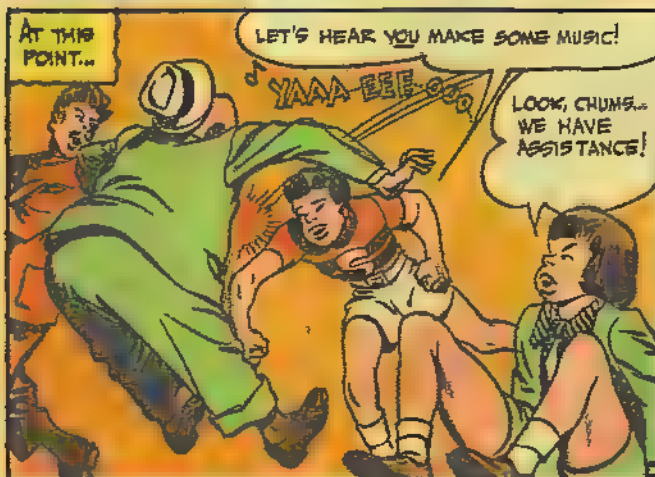


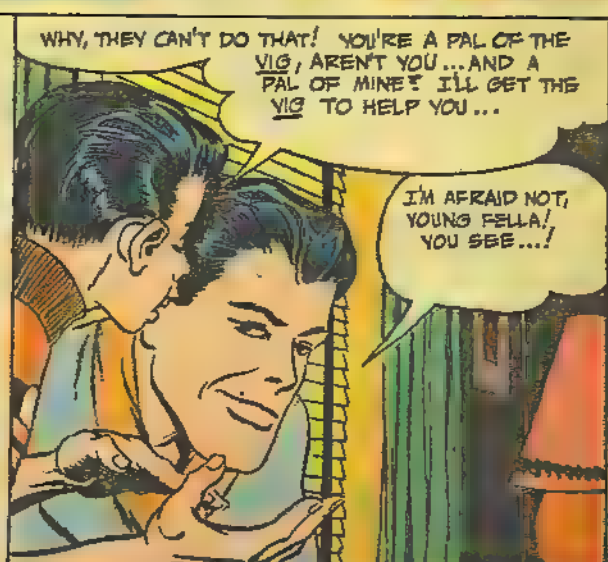
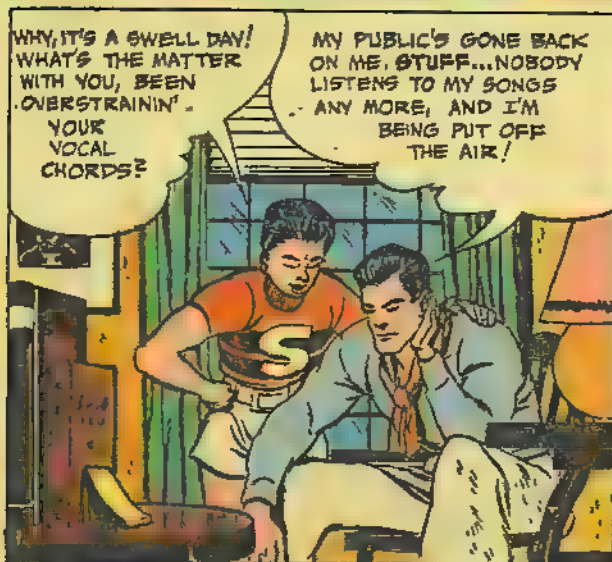
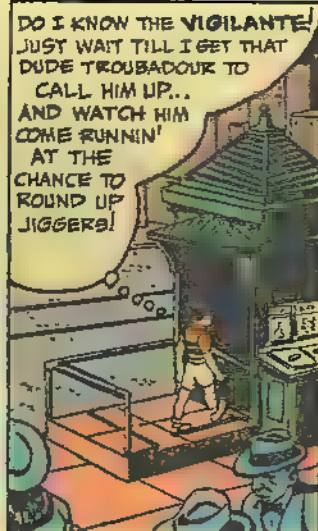
JIGGERS JOLTON AND HIS JAILBIRD PALS! WHAT ARE THEY UP TO?

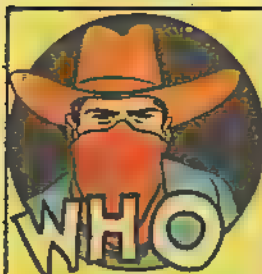
SHAME THAT STRAD... STRADIV... THAT HIGH-PRICED FIDDLE!

BEAT IT BEFORE ME AND MY PALS SLAP YA DOWN TO OUR SIZE!





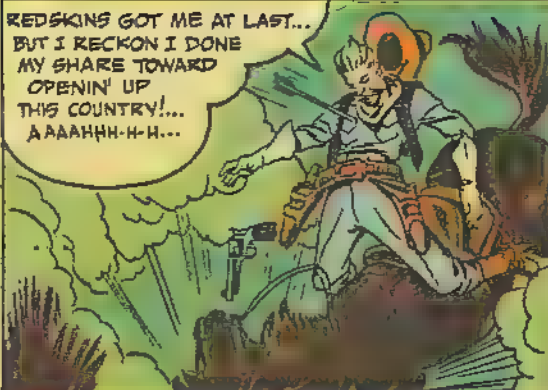




WHO
IS THE VIGILANTE
????
HOW DID HE COME
TO BE ????
HERE
IS THE STIRRING
STORY IN HIS OWN
WORDS....

IT ALL STARTED OUT ON THE WYOMING PLAINS WHERE
I WAS BORN...

REDSKINS GOT ME AT LAST...
BUT I RECKON I DONE
MY SHARE TOWARD
OPENIN' UP
THIS COUNTRY!...
AAAAHHH-H-H...



...SOMETIME AFTER MY GRANDFATHER...A FAMOUS
INDIAN FIGHTER...MADE HIS LAST STAND...

NO SCALPUM...
HIM GREAT
WARRIOR!

UGH..LEADUM
HAIR TO TAKE
TO HAPPY
HUNTING
GROUND!



...THERE WAS A REAL HERO FOR
YOU! EVEN HIS ENEMIES RESPECTED
HIM...

...AND DAD CARRIED ON THE FIGHTING TRADITION. I CAN REMEM-
BER WHEN I WAS ONLY SIX OR SEVEN...

C'MON, POP,
MON 'EM
DOWN!

GIT BACK, GREG! YUH WANTA
GIT ALL MESSED UP WITH THE
LEAD THEM VARMINTS ARE SLINGIN'?



...DAD LIVED BY THE CHALLENGE-AND-DRAW
CODE OF THE PLAINS...BUT YEARS LATER
WHEN A SHIPMENT OF GOLD CAME IN FROM
THE GOLD MINES...

WE'LL SHOOT 'EM DOWN, GRAB TH' GOLD AN'
BEAT IT IN TH' CAR!



...A COWARDLY SHOT FROM AMBUSH MADE ME
AN ORPHAN...



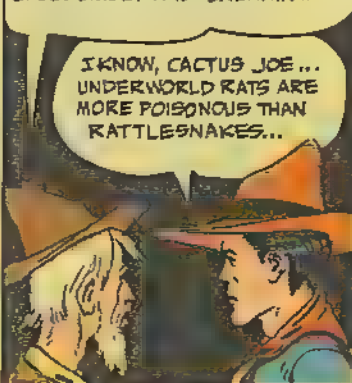
DUMB YOKELS!

CRACK
CRACK
CRACK

AAAAHHH-H-H...

...CALLED BACK FROM THE EAST
WHERE I HAD ALREADY STARTED IN
RADIO, I MADE A SOLEMN VOW...

THEY DIDN'T GIVE YOUR PAW A
CHANCE, GREG! THEY WAS CITY
CROOKS...SLY AND SNEAKIN'...



I KNOW, CACTUS JOE...
UNDERWORLD RATS ARE
MORE POISONOUS THAN
RATTLESNAKES...

...AND I'M GOING TO
DEVOTE MY LIFE TO
SMOKING THEM OUT OF
THEIR HOLES...LIKE
THE OLD TIME
VIGILANTES
DID!



...NOW, IF THE TROUBADOUR SIGNS
OFF FOR GOOD, THE VIGILANTE'S
JOB WILL BE TWICE AS TOUGH!

LOOKS LIKE IT'S UP TO
THE CHINATOWN KID
TO RESCUE THE VIG
FOR A CHANGE...
AND, MISTER...I
CAN DELIVER! GET
INTO YOUR WORKIN'
CLOTHES AND LET'S
GET GOIN'!

MOMENTS LATER, A SNORTING MOTOR-
CYCLE STREAKS TOWARD CHINATOWN
BEARING A DOUBLE LOAD...

YOU'RE SURE YOU KNOW WHERE JIGGER
JOLTEN AND HIS
FELLOW-RATS
HANG OUT?
YOWSAH!

YOU SHOULD HAVE WAITED FOR ME
DOWN BELOW, STUFF!

ARE YOU
KIDDIN'?

IN THE CRIMINALS' HIDEOUT...

PRETTY SOFT FOR US WHEN BRATS START
LUGGIN' GADGETS WORTH A FORTUNE
AROUND TOWN!

WE'LL GET
JUST AS MUCH
FROM SELLIN'
THE FIDDLE AS
WE WOULD
FROM ROBBIN'
A
BANK!

Suddenly...

THE VIGILANTE!

CRASH

HUH? THAT'S NO
STEADIVARIUS!

RIGHT...BUT THIS
BABY BEATS OUT
NIFTY MURDER
RHYTHMS!

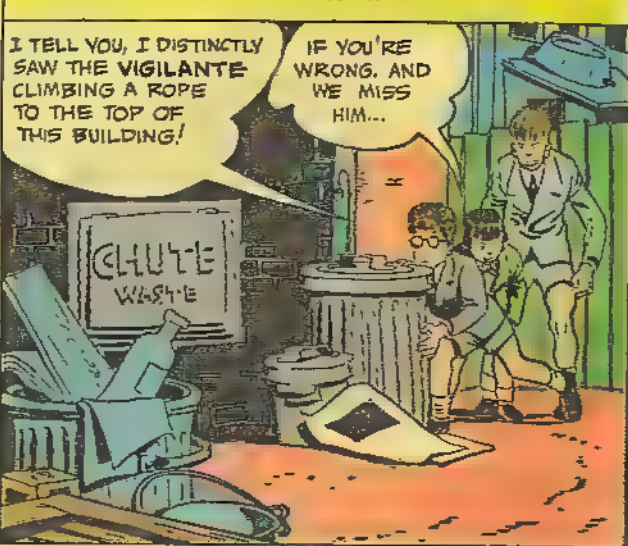
OH-OH!...
WHAT'LL
I DO
NOW?



THE LANTERN CRASHES TO THE FLOOR, PLUNGING THE ROOM INTO DARKNESS...



MEANWHILE... EAGER TO SEE THE VIGILANTE IN ACTION, THE "SYMPHONY KIDS" HAVE HAUNTED THE SHADOWY LANES OF CHINATOWN...



BY THE TIME THE PURSUING PAIR HAVE
LOCATED THE ESCAPE CHUTE...

TOO LATE! THEY'VE GIVEN US THE
SLIP!

WHEE!

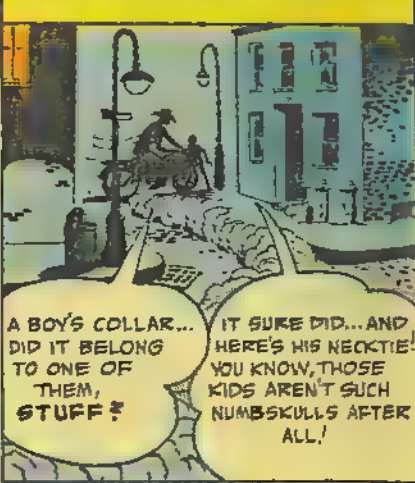


LOOK! WYNDAM'S FLUTE! HE'S ONE
OF THE CLASSICAL HER-CATS!

S-S-SING OF A STRUGGLE, TOO...
STUFF, THOSE KIDS ARE IN
TROUBLE...
C'MON!



TRAIL MARKINGS, LEFT BEHIND BY THE
MUSICAL YOUNGSTERS, LEAD THE
VIGILANTE AND STUFF THROUGH A
MAZE OF TWISTING STREETS...

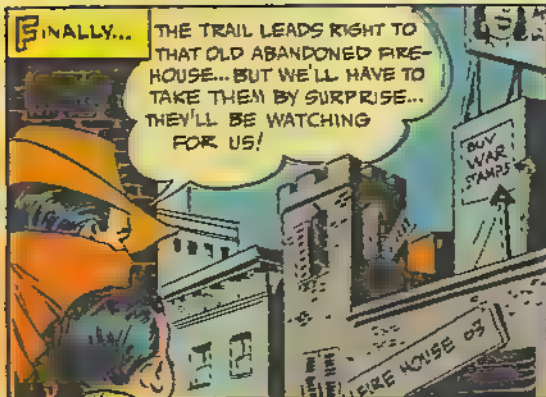


A BOY'S COLLAR...
DID IT BELONG
TO ONE OF
THEM,
STUFF?

IT SUKE DID...AND
HERE'S HIS NECKTIE!
YOU KNOW, THOSE
KIDS AREN'T SUCH
NUMBSKULLS AFTER
ALL!

FINALLY...

THE TRAIL LEADS RIGHT TO
THAT OLD ABANDONED FIRE-
HOUSE... BUT WE'LL HAVE TO
TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE...
THEY'LL BE WATCHING
FOR US!



THE VIGILANTE RACES
HIS MOTORCYCLE ONTO A
NEARBY BRIDGE... THEN-



I DON'T
GET IT...
HEY!...WHAT'S
COOKIN'
...YIPE!

YOU'LL BE A
COOKED GOOSE IF
YOU DON'T HANG
ON TIGHT!

A TOUGH LARIAT,
WONEN TO WITHSTAND
THE MOST VIOLENT
LUNGES OF RAMPAG-
ING STEERS, FINDS
A SOLID ANCHOR
BELOW...



G-GOLLY! N-NOT EVEN A
PARACHUTE!...WH-WHAT IF
WE HIT
A WALL?

WE WON'T...
WE'LL SWING
IN A CORKSCREW
SPIRAL AROUND
THE TOWER!

KEEN EYES WATCH THE STREET FROM THE TOWER...

TH' ONLY ENTRANCE IS DOWN BELOW, AN' I'LL SPOT 'EM IF THEY COME ANYWHERE NEAR US! THEY WON'T DARE TOUCH US AS LONG AS WE GOT TH' BRATS!

A BREATH-TAKING SWOOP... A JANGLE OF SHATTERED GLASS...AND...

YIPE! IT AIN'T POSSIBLE!

POP

LOOKING FOR SOMEBODY, LEGS?

LOOK OUT BELOW!

NICE TRY, VIG... BUT THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO... UNLESS YOU WANT ME TO START PUMPIN' LEAD INTO THESE KIDS!

YOU...YOU'VE GOT ME!

SOON AS I QUIET YOU DOWN, VIGILANTE, I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT YOUNG PUNK THAT WORKS WITH YA!

LOOKS LIKE AN' EMERGENCY CALL!

THAT'S THE STUFF, STUFF!

YOU SNEARIN' COYOTE... YOU HAVEN'T GOT TIME TO SHOOT BOTH ME AND THOSE BOYS... AND IF YOU SHOOT THEM, I'LL BREAK YOU IN HALF!

WHAT IF I SHOOT YOU FIRST?

SO, A LITTLE LATER, THE PRICELESS STRADIVARIUS AND ITS ACCOMPLISHED OWNER ARE DELIVERED SAFELY HOME...

VIGILANTE, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO THANK YOU FOR HELPING MY SON GET BACK HIS VIOLIN... YOU SAY YOU WON'T TAKE ANY REWARD...

HELPING OTHERS BRINGS ITS OWN REWARD, MR. CREED!

PSST! CAN I SPEAK TO YOU ON THE Q.T., MR. CREED?

BZZZ-Z-Z-BZZ-ZZZ...

WELL-ER...IT DOESN'T SOUND VERY DIGNIFIED...BUT UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES...

AND WHEN THE TIME COMES FOR THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR'S NEXT BROADCAST...

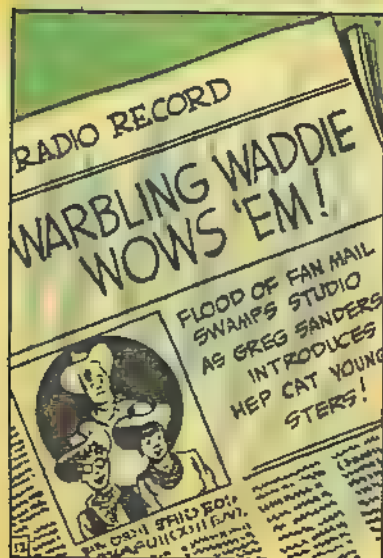
ONCE AGAIN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, WE PRESENT THAT FAMOUS SINGER OF THE SONGS... OF THE OLD WEST... THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR...AND HIS SPECIAL GUESTS...



WE'RE HEADIN' FOR A SYNCOPATED, RHUMBA-GAITED ROUNDUP-



WHO SAID THE TROUBADOUR WAS OLD STUFF?

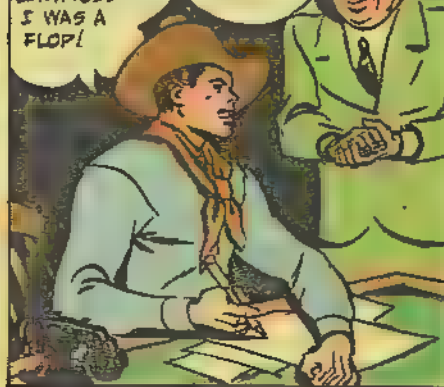


At sign-off time...

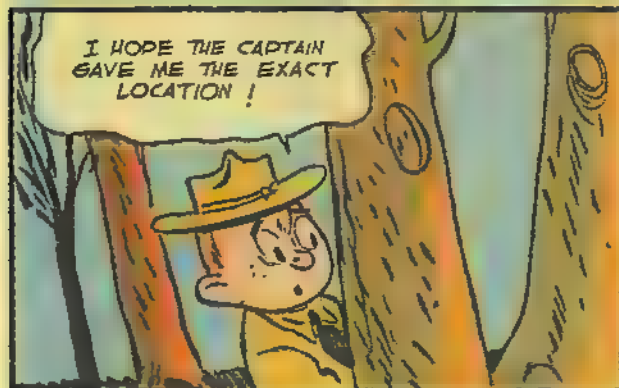
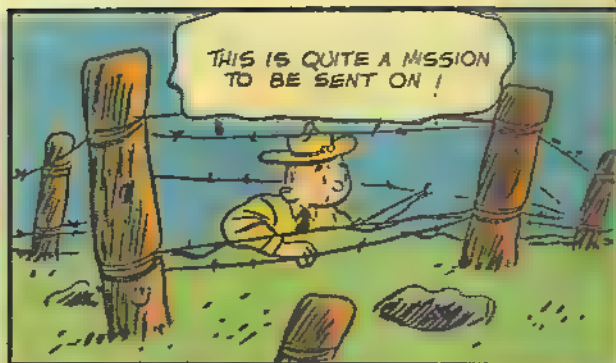
JUST MY LITTLE JOKE, GREG. THIS NEW FIVE-YEAR CONTRACT AT DOUBLE THE OLD SALARY IS PROOF ENOUGH!

BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE CONVINCED I WAS A FLOP!

DON'T FORGET TO TUNE IN, FELLAS... SAME TIME, SAME PLACE...BUT A BRAND-NEW SET OF KOOTIN', TOOTIN' ADVENTURES FOR THE VIGILANTE AND YOURS TRULY!



PRIVATE PETE

An advertisement for Superman No. 18. It features a boy on the left and an elderly woman on the right, both with speech bubbles. In the center is a large image of the Superman comic book cover. The boy's speech bubble says "I WANT MORE SUPERMAN! I'VE GOT TO HAVE MORE SUPERMAN! I JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH SUPERMAN!". The woman's speech bubble says "LOTS OF PEOPLE FEEL JUST THE SAME WAY---AND HERE'S THE ANSWER---FOUR BIG, FAST, COMPLETE SUPERMAN ADVENTURES IN ONE ISSUE? DON'T MISS SUPERMAN No. 18". The comic book cover shows Superman flying over a city, with the text "No. 18", "10¢", and "WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS DO THE JOB ON THE JAPANESE!". At the bottom, it says "NOW ON SALE!".

I WANT MORE **SUPERMAN!**
I'VE GOT TO HAVE MORE **SUPERMAN!** I JUST CAN'T GET ENOUGH **SUPERMAN!**

LOTS OF PEOPLE FEEL JUST THE SAME WAY---AND HERE'S THE ANSWER---FOUR BIG, FAST, COMPLETE **SUPERMAN** ADVENTURES IN ONE ISSUE? DON'T MISS **SUPERMAN No. 18**

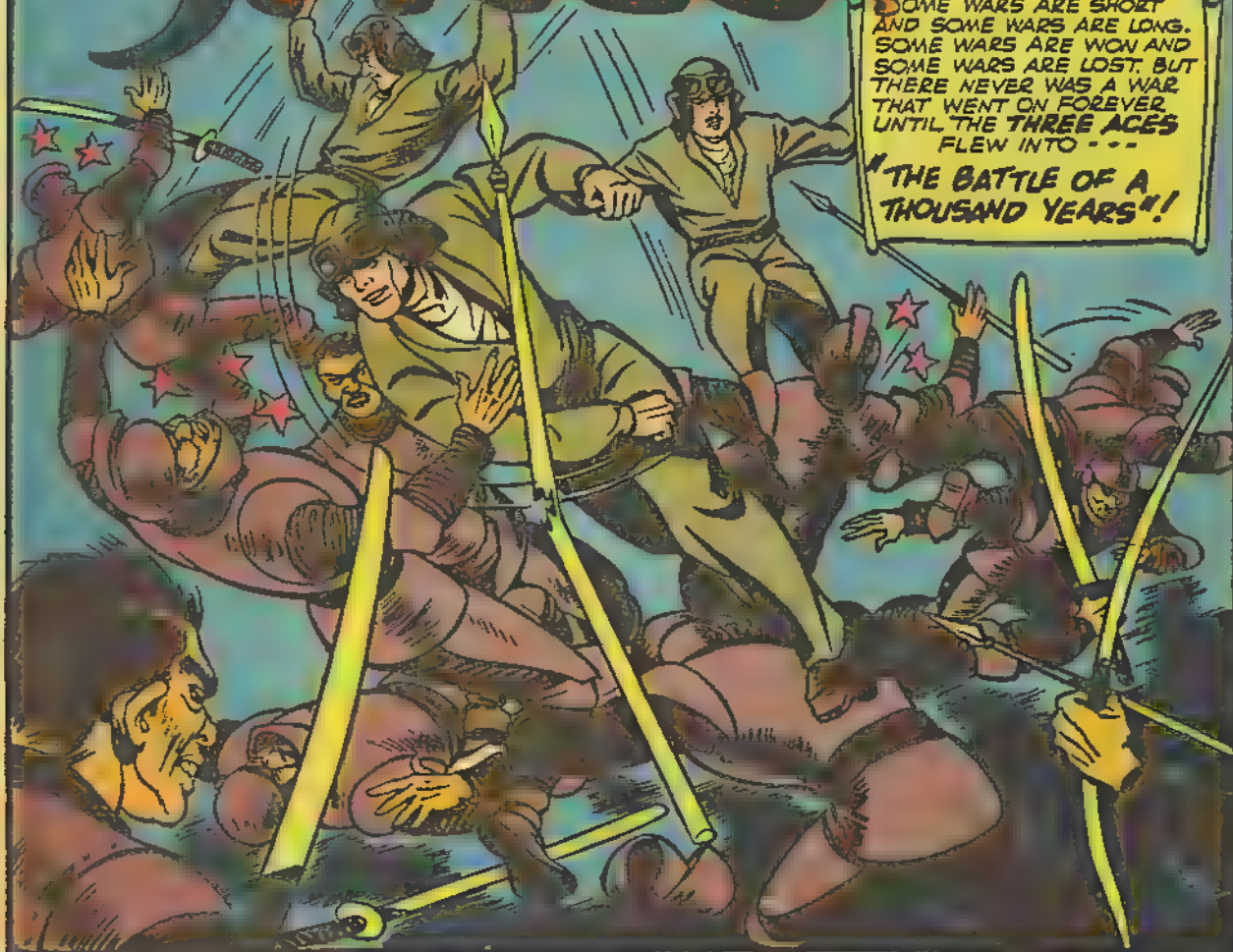
SUPERMAN
No. 18
10¢
WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS DO THE JOB ON THE JAPANESE!

NOW ON SALE!

3 ACES

SOME WARS ARE SHORT
AND SOME WARS ARE LONG.
SOME WARS ARE WON AND
SOME WARS ARE LOST. BUT
THERE NEVER WAS A WAR
THAT WENT ON FOREVER
UNTIL THE THREE ACES
FLEW INTO ---

"THE BATTLE OF A
THOUSAND YEARS"!



I SAY, YOU
CHAPS, LOOK AT
THOSE MOUNTAINS!
THEY'RE MILES
HIGH!

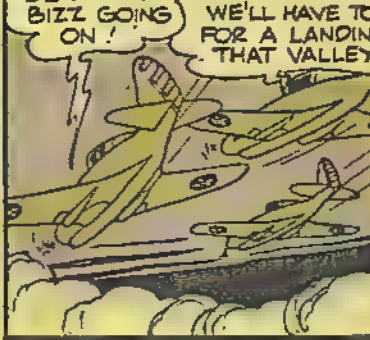
AND NEVER
BEEN
MAPPED!
THIS IS
ALL UNEXPLORED
TERRITORY!

ABRUPTLY, THE MOTORS
COUGH AND FALL OVER A
MISTY VALLEY!

HEY, WHAT'S THIS? ALL THREE
MOTORS CONKING OUT? MUST
BE FUNNY-
BIZZ GOING
ON!

WE'LL HAVE TO TRY
FOR A LANDING IN
THAT VALLEY!

GREAT GUNS! TAKE A PEEP AT
WHAT'S BELOW, LADS! LOOKS
LIKE THIS VALLEY IS
INHABITED!



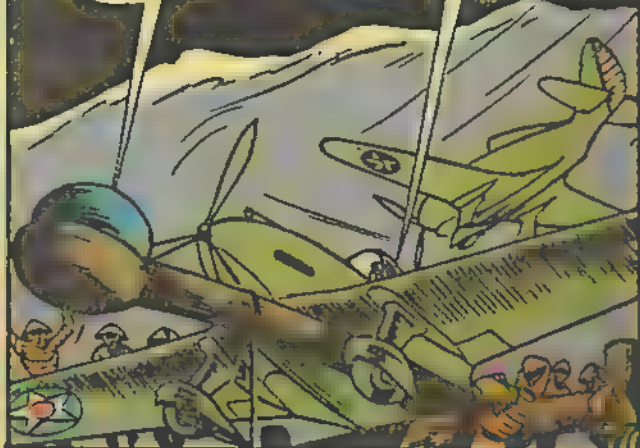
IN THE HEART OF THE UNKNOWN MOUNTAIN VALLEY, A WEIRD BATTLE RAGES!

BOYS, THIS LOOKS LIKE WAR!



HAI!

SORRY TO BUST IN ON YOU LIKE THIS, FRIENDS!



AND THE BATTLE RAGES ON, OBVIOUS OF THE NEWCOMERS!

I SAY, WHAT'S ALL THIS??

IT'S A FIGHT, FOGGIE! THE MEN IN THE WICKER ARMOR ARE CHINESE--AND THOSE IN THE LEAD ARE... JAPS!!



THE THREE ACES PITCH INTO THE MEDIEVAL WAR!

THEY'RE JAPS, ALL RIGHT.. THEY'RE SHOOTIN' AT OUR BACKS!

WELL, LET'S SHOW 'EM OUR FRONTS!



BUT SEE HERE, LADS, THIS MAY BE A PRIVATE WAR!

WELL, FROM NOW ON IT'S PUBLIC!



OH--OH! LOOKS LIKE MY SHIP GUMMED UP THE WORKS!

THI



THEIR GIANT CATAPULT HELPLESS, THE CHINESE WARRIORS ARE FORCED TO FLEE BEFORE JAP HORDES!

HEY! OUR TEAM'S TAKIN' A RUNOUT POWDER!

JOVE! I THINK WE OUGHT TO STICK WITH 'EM! I NEVER COULD STAND THOSE BLASTED JAPS!



RETREATING WITH THEIR STRANGE ALLIES, THE THREE ACES
DISCOVER A VAST MEDIEVAL CAMP ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE...

GET A LOAD OF
THIS PLACE, WILL YA!
LOOKS LIKE SOME-
THING OUT OF THE
PAST!

I WONDER
WHAT IT'S
ALL
ABOUT!?



I'LL EXPLAIN, GENTLEMEN...BUT
FIRST LET ME THANK YOU FOR
THE HELP YOU
GAVE US IN
OUR FIGHT!

EGAD! AN
ENGLISHMAN!!
HERE!!



I'VE BEEN IN THIS VALLEY FOR
TEN YEARS...SINCE MY PLANE
CRACKED UP! THERE ARE
RADIUM DEPOSITS HERE
WHOSE RAYS KILL ENGINE
IGNITION! NO PLANE CAN FLY
OVER THIS VALLEY!

AND NO ONE CAN GET OUT OF
THE VALLEY! THERE'S NO EXIT!
THIS FIGHT BETWEEN THE JAPS
AND CHINESE BEGAN TEN
CENTURIES AGO WHEN AN
AVALANCHE ISOLATED BOTH
ARMIES HERE! THE DESCENDANTS
ARE STILL FIGHTING...WITH
THE SAME WEAPONS!!

THE DESCENT OF THE THREE
ACES HAS PLACED THE CHINESE
IN A PERILOUS POSITION...

SO FAR WE'VE HELD OUR OWN.
BUT NOW THAT THE JAPS
HAVE CAPTURED YOUR MACHINE
GUNS--THINGS LOOK BAD
FOR US! WE HAVE NO SUCH
WEAPONS!

THEN I GUESS
WE'D BETTER
GET THOSE
GUNS BACK!



DON'T TRY
TO GET
THROUGH
THE JAP
LINES! IT'S
IMPOSSIBLE!

MAN, I'VE GOT
A BETTER IDEA
THAN THAT! WE'RE
GOING OVER
THOSE LINES!
HELP US GET
TO WORK!

DAY AND NIGHT THE COMPANIONS
WORK WITH IMPROVISED MATERIALS,
CONSTRUCTING...

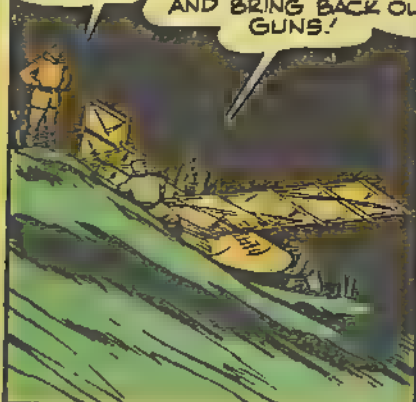
A GLIDER!!
GREAT
WORK!!

BROTHER, WE'RE GONNA
SAIL RIGHT INTO THE
JAPS WITH THIS SHIP
AND BRING BACK OUR
GUNS!

AND THAT NIGHT THE MAKE-
SHIFT SHIP TAKES OFF!

(PUFF-)
PUFF-)
HOW'S
SHE
DOIN',
LADS?

WE'RE READY TO
GO, FOGGIE!
HOP ABOARD!!





WE'RE OVER THE
JAP CAMP NOW!
I'M GOING TO
BRING HER
DOWN!

HAPPY
LANDINGS!
I HOPE---

LIKE A GREAT SILENT BIRD, THE
GLIDER FLOATS DOWN INTO THE
JAP CAMP!

BY JOVE! OUT
OF THE FRYING
PAN---

INTO
THE
FIRE!

KOWAI??

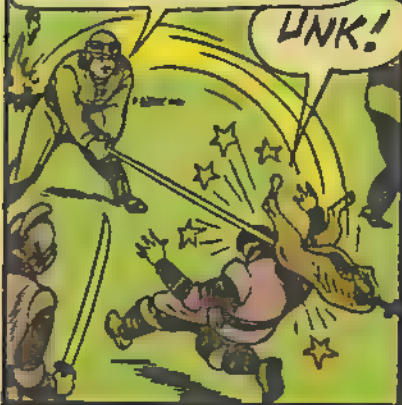
OWWWW! WATCH OUT
FOR THE LEAD ARMOR,
BOYS! IT'S BAD ON
THE HANDS!



MOVING SWIFTLY, THE COMPANIONS
SMOTHER THE SURPRISED SOLDIERS.

GLORY BE, YOU DON'T EXPECT
ME TO USE MY HANDS ON
THESE VERMIN, DO YOU?

UNK!



GHAAM!

HE BIT ME! BOY, THOSE GUYS ARE STILL
LIVIN' IN THE TENTH CENTURY AND
THEY'RE STILL NAZTY!

CLOK!



THE THREE ACES DON THE CON-
CEALING LEAD PLATE ARMOR OF
THEIR CAPTIVES---

AND
NOW
WHAT?

NOW WE FIND OUR GUNS
AND BRING 'EM BACK TO
THE CHINESE! AFTER WE
WIN THIS WAR, WE CAN
WORRY ABOUT GETTING
BACK TO THE OTHER
ONE OUTSIDE!



...AND START THE SEARCH FOR
THEIR PLANES ...

STAND BY,
FRIENDS!
JAP COMIN'
TOWARD
US!

TAKE IT EASY,
LAOS, I'VE GOT
AN IDEA HOW
TO ALLAY HIS
SUSPICIONS...



KA

HEIL
HITLER!



THE JAP WHEELS IN SUDDEN
REALIZATION...

GREAT STUFF, WHAT? I
SAY--WHAT'S WRONG
WITH THE BEGGAR?



TOO LATE!!

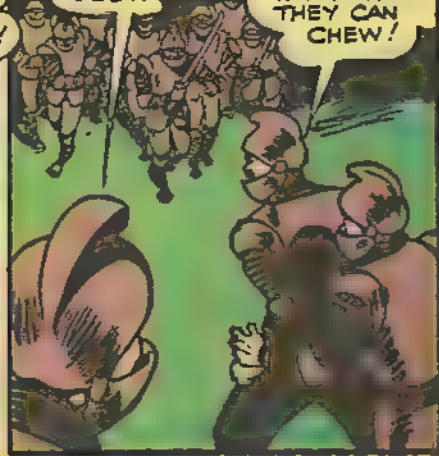
AAIEEE!!

FOG, YOU IDIOT! THESE
JAPS HAVE NEVER
HEARD OF HITLER!
THEY'RE STILL LIVING
IN THE TENTH CENTURY!



OUCH!! HERE COME
THAT GUY'S PALS!
THEY MUST HEARD
HIM BITE THE
DUST!

AND
THEY'RE
GOING TO
BITE OFF
MORE THAN
THEY CAN
CHEW!



BACK TO YOUR DOG-HOUSES,
YOU BLASTED LITTLE
BROWN BOUNDERS!



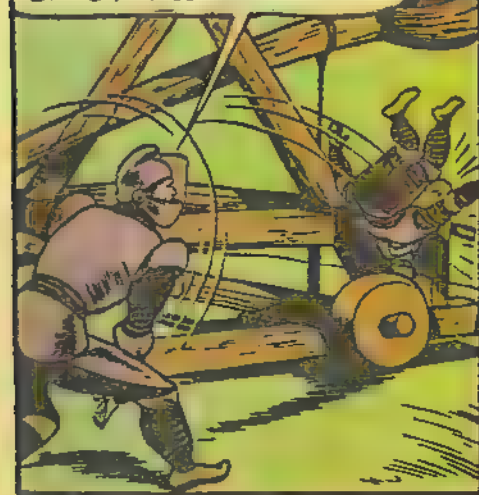
PANDEMONIUM PANICS THE CAMP AS THE
THREE ACES ROAR THROUGH---

HEY, FOGGIE, USE THE
END OF THAT SPEAR!
THIS AINT BASEBALL!

RIGHT-O! BUT
WHICH END? THE
POINTED ONE?



AHHH, THE CATAPULT! THAT
ROCK OUGHTTA GIVE THESE
BIRDS A DOSE OF PLENTY!



The GREAT BOULDER SMASHES THROUGH THE NIGHT...

SHUCKS!!
I MISSED!!

MISSED, NOTHING! WHISTLER, YOU HIT
THE JACKPOT! THOSE ARE OUR
PLANES!



BOYS, I'VE GOT AN IDEA! TRY AND HOLD THE JAPS OFF UNTIL I CAN WORK IT OUT!

JOVE, GUNNER! YOU DON'T WANT MUCH! BUT WE'LL DO OUR BEST!

AND AGONIZING MINUTES LATER, GUNNER CALLS!

AHOY, PALS! COME ON... INTO THE PLANES AND LET'S GO!

I DON'T HAVE TO BE ASKED TWICE!

MIRACLE OF MIRACLES! THE MOTORS START!

HURRY UP, WHISTLER! TIME TO TAKE OFF!

HOW'D YOU DO IT, GUNNER? I THOUGHT THAT GUY SAID THE RADIUM RAYS STOPPED PLANE ENGINES?

THAT'S RIGHT! ONLY LEAD STOPS RADIUM RAYS. I SHIELDED OUR ENGINES WITH LEAD PLATES FROM THE JAPS' ARMOR.

SWOOPING AND CIRCLING, THE ACES DROP A DEADLY HAIL OF DESTRUCTION!

BOOM!

WHAM!

THAT FINISHES THE JAPS IN THIS LITTLE WAR...LET'S START BACK FOR OUR OWN, BOYS! WE'VE GOT MORE WORK WAITING!

AND EASTWARD, INTO THE DAWN, WING THE THREE ACES!

WE'LL SEND TRANSPORTS BACK TO GET THOSE FOLKS OUT OF THE VALLEY! TENTH CENTURY OR TWENTIETH...THEY CAN BEAT THE JAPS ANY TIME!

Bored?
DON'T GO FLY A KITE!
FLY INTO THE ARMS OF ADVENTURE WITH THE THREE ACES IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF ACTION COMICS!!

Presenting **MR. AMERICA** and **FAT MAN** as The

AMERICOMMANDO

by **BERNARD BAILY**

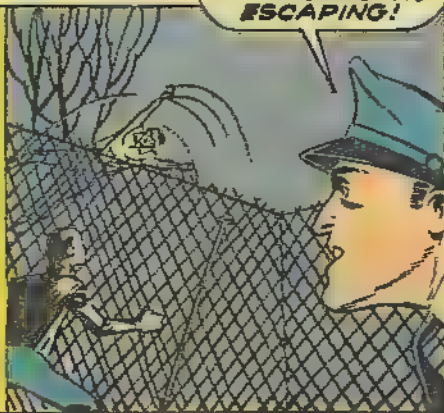
MR. AMERICA! SURELY THE MAN WHO BEARS THAT GLORIOUS NAME MUST LIVE UP TO ITS GLORIOUS TRADITION OF FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY! AND THE **AMERICOMMANDO** DOES... IN AN ACTION-STUDDO, STAR-SPANGLED SAGA OF SPIES... SABOTAGE... AND SLEUTHING IN...
"THE CASE OF THE STOLEN SPECTACLES!"



SOMEWHERE IN A CANADIAN PRISON CAMP... A MAN SEIZES A LONG WINDOW POLE, AND...



...POLE-VAULTS OVER THE HIGH, ELECTRICALLY CHARGED PRISON FENCE!



ACROSS THE WHOLE OF THE AMERICAN CONTINENT FLASHES HEADLINE NEWS!



IN NEW YORK, ATOP THE
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING...

OH, JOHN, IS IT REALLY
TRUE THAT THAT ES-
CAPED FIFTH COLUMNIST
IS ON HIS WAY HERE?

HE MAY BE HERE
ALREADY! IT'S
UP TO EVERY
AMERICAN
CITIZEN TO KEEP
HIS EYES OPEN!

AT ONE
OF THE
TELESCOPES
IS TEX
THOMSON,
FAMOUS
PRIVATE
INVESTIGATOR!

A NICE VIEW, BUT BROAD-
WAY DOESN'T LOOK THE SAME
WITHOUT THOSE BIG ELECT-
RIC SIGNS! SIGNS
OF WAR, I GUESS!

SUDDENLY,
THE
TELESCOPE
FOCUSES
ON A MAN
ENTERING
A NEARBY
PARK!

THE ESCAPED
PRISONER! AND HE'S
IN THE PARK JUST
BELOW! I'M GOING
DOWN THERE...
BUT NOT AS
TEX THOMSON!

AS THE MAN STOOPS TO
RETRIEVE HIS GLASSES,
HIS FACE IS REVEALED
FOR A SPLIT-SECOND!

MINUTES LATER... BEHIND A
THICKET... FROM A PILE
OF DISCARDED CLOTHES...
RISES MR. AMERICA...
AMERICOMMANDO!

NOW I'M
STRIPPED
FOR
ACTION!

AND THEN, WITH A TWIG,
THE FIFTH COLUMNIST
COMPLETES THE DE-
SIGN... A DESIGN OF
SWORD AND FLAME...

THE SWASTIKA!

OH-OH! LOOKS
LIKE HE'S
GETTING
COMPANY!

MIND IF I
SHARE THIS
BENCH WITH
YOU, SIR?

UH... OH...
NOT AT
ALL!

THE STRANGER CAN-
IDLY SCRAWLS A
QUEER DESIGN IN
THE DIRT PATH...

LOVELY
NIGHT,
ISN'T IT?

YES...
YES...

HEIL HITLER!
WELL, STRASSER,
I SEE YOU HAVE
THE PLANS
WITH YOU!

YES...AND NOW
I NEED YOUR
HELP...SOME PLACE
TO HIDE! THE POLICE
ARE AFTER ME! I'M
A MARKED MAN!



JUST AN AVERAGE
AMERICAN WHO WANTS
TO GET IN A FEW POKES
AT YOUR KIND!



TOO
LATE,
MR.
AMERICA
CHARGES,
CAUGHT
OFF
GUARD
BY THE
CANE-
GUN!



YOU RATZIS
HAVE NO
CONSCIENCE
AT ALL! YOU
WILL EVEN
MURDER YOUR
OWN MEN!

WHA--? WHO
ARE YOU?

BAH! HERE'S HOW THE
FATHERLAND WILL DEAL
WITH ALL OF YOU STUPID
AVERAGE AMERICANS
ONE DAY!



AS MR. AMERICA
SINKS TO THE
GROUND, HIS HAND
TEARS THE NAZI'S
COAT POCKET!

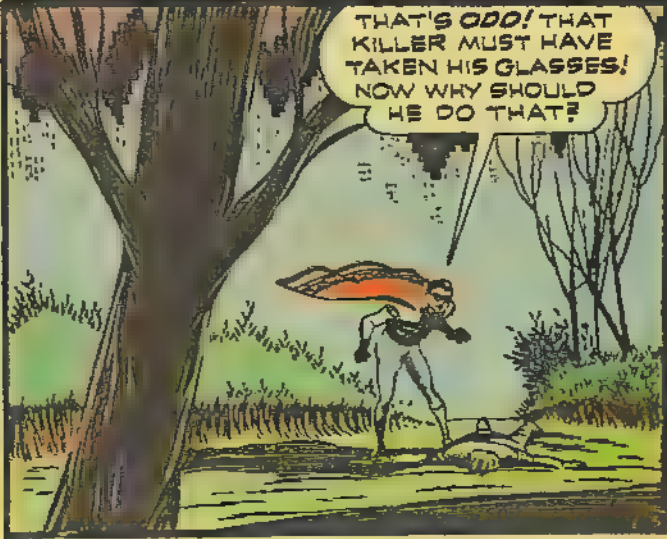


LATER, A PRONE FIGURE STIRS...
AND MR. AMERICA RISES GROGOILY
TO HIS FEET!

OW! MY HEAD! LUCKY FOR
ME THAT SHOT ONLY GRAZED
MY SCALP, OR I'D HAVE BEEN
A GONER, TOO!



THAT'S ODD! THAT
KILLER MUST HAVE
TAKEN HIS GLASSES!
NOW WHY SHOULD
HE DO THAT?





HMM...WHAT'S THIS? MUST HAVE DROPPED FROM THE RATZI'S POCKET WHEN I TORE IT!



A LAUNDRY TICKET! MOST LAUNDRIES KEEP ADDRESSES OF THEIR CUSTOMERS! LOOKS AS THOUGH I'VE GOT A LEAD!



SOME TIME LATER...

WELL...NOW PERHAPS THAT LAUNDRY CAN CLEAN UP THIS CASE FOR ME!



I'M MR. AMERICA! I WANT THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF THE MAN THAT GOES WITH THIS TICKET!

AH! MR. AMERICA! YES...OF COURSE!

AH, CARL! WOULD YOU TAKE CARE OF THIS GENTLEMAN FOR ME?

SURE!

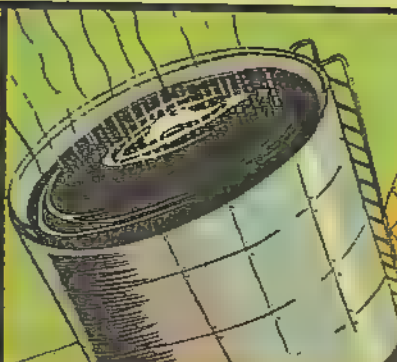
BEFORE MR. AMERICA CAN MOVE...



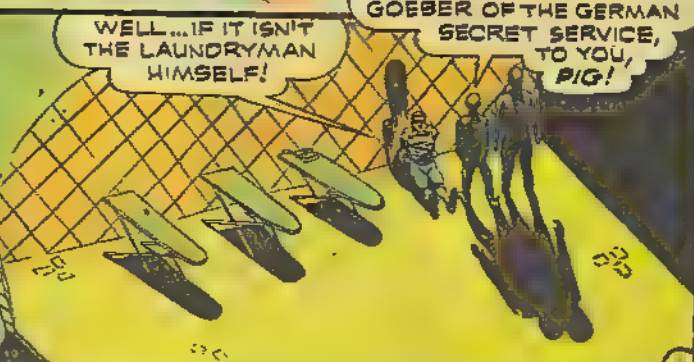
UGH!

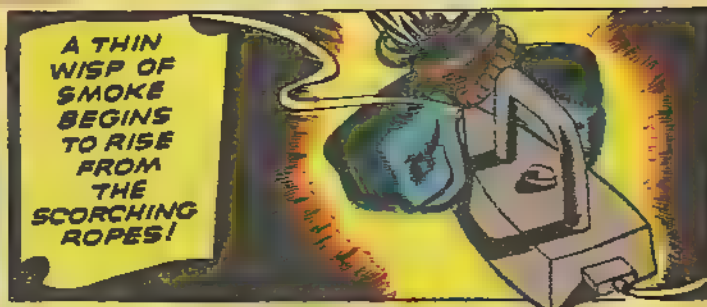
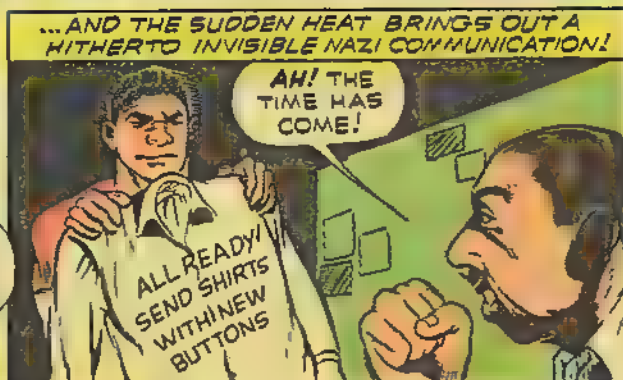
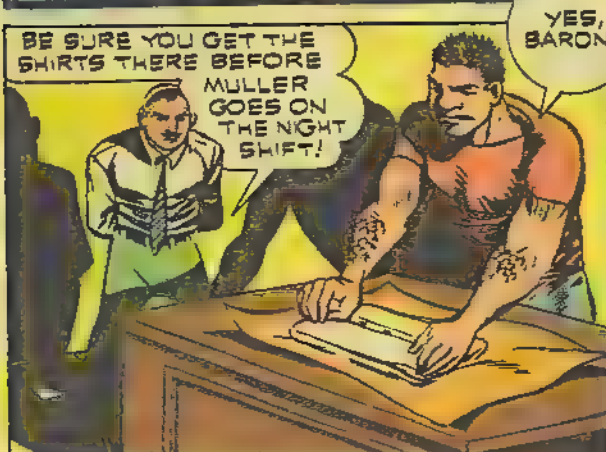
BARON WILHELM VON GOEBER OF THE GERMAN SECRET SERVICE, TO YOU, PIG!

LATER... MR. AMERICA COMES TO IN THE PLANT ITSELF!



WELL...IF IT ISN'T THE LAUNDRYMAN HIMSELF!





THE BARON ENTERS...
AND IS GREETED BY A
DYNAMITE RIGHT!

OKAY, PAL--
YOU'RE
ON THE
RECEIVING
END NOW!

YOU HIT ME!
ME...A BARON!

WAK!

I'LL MAKE
YOU PAY FOR
THAT BLOW!

EYES
BLAZING
WITH
HATE,
THE
NAZI
AGENT
HURLS
HIMSELF
AT MR.
AMERICA!

BUT TWO FEET SLAM HEAVILY AT HIS MIDRIF
AND FLIP HIM UP AND OVER---- INTO THE
LAUNDRY VAT!

HELP!
I CAN'T
SWIM!
HELP!

I SHOULD LET
YOU DROWN LIKE
THE RATZL YOU
ARE! I'LL NEED
A WRINGER ON
YOU NOW! YEAN...

STOP!
MY TIE IS
BEING
DRAWN IN!
I'LL CHOKE!

THAT, BARON, IS THE
GENERAL IDEA...UNLESS
YOU TELL ME WHERE
THAT LAUNDRY WAS
DELIVERED, AND WHY!

...AND THAT
GIVES ME
AN IDEA!

WHY HAVE YOU
TURNED MY TIE
ABOUT BACKWARDS?

YOU BIRDS ARE ALL ALIKE! ALWAYS YELPING ABOUT THE LAW WHEN YOU'RE CONCERNED!

B-BUT YOU CAN'T DO THIS! IT'S MURDER!

ALL RIGHT... I'LL TALK... I'LL TALK...

LATER... AT A NEARBY AIRCRAFT PLANT ENGAGED IN WAR PRODUCTION...

I KNEW YOU'D LISTEN TO REASON!

WHERE'S THE FUSELAGE SECTION?

HUH? OH... DOWN THAT WAY!

THANKS!

THE FUSELAGE SECTION! A FURTIVE HAND RIPS AT BUTTONS ON A SHIRT...

THAT SAME HAND RISES, POISED FOR THROWING, WHEN SUDDENLY A COLORFUL FIGURE LAUNCHES FORWARD!

MR. AMERICA!

MIND IF I SABOTAGE YOUR SABOTAGE?

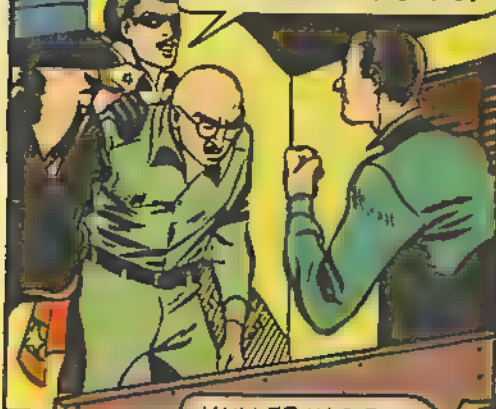
OH!

SUDDENLY WHEELING... MR. AMERICA DIVES HEADLONG... HANDS SNAAGING THE FALLING BUTTONS!

PHEW! CLOSE, MR. AMERICA... VERY CLOSE!

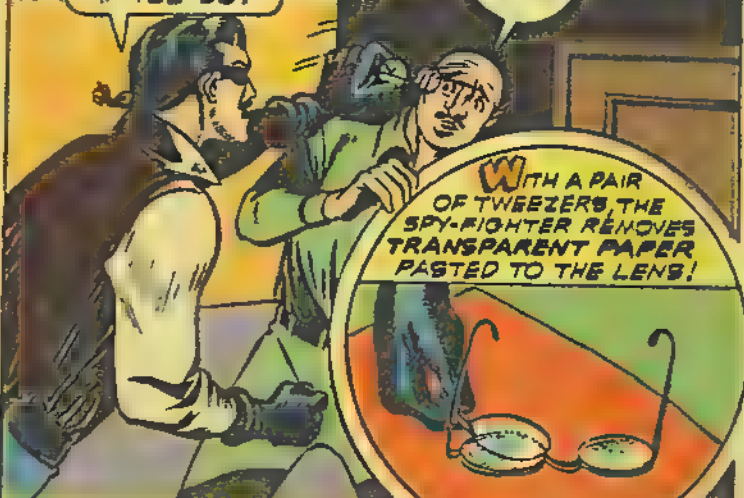
AUTHORITIES RACE UP!

THIS MAN IS MULLER! SEE THESE BUTTONS? THEY'RE THERMITE! EVERY PLANE IN THIS PLANT WOULD HAVE BEEN CHARGED WRECKAGE BY NOW IF MULLER HAD BEEN ABLE TO PLANT THE BUTTONS IN THE SHIPS!



AH! THE STOLEN SPECTACLES! I'LL TAKE THEM, IF YOU DON'T MIND...AND I DON'T CARE IF YOU DO!

NO... DON'T!



WITH A PAIR OF TWEEZERS, THE SPY-FIGHTER REMOVES TRANSPARENT PAPER PASTED TO THE LENS!

HOLY CATS! THAT'S HOW OUR PLANS LEAKED OUT!

MULLER HAS BEEN SMUGGLING OUT DIAGRAMS DRAWN ON THIS TRANSPARENT PAPER WITH INVISIBLE INK!

LATER, AFTER THE FOREMAN LEARNS THE WHOLE STORY...

THEN THE ESCAPED CANADIAN FIFTH COLUMNIST HAD PLANS ON THESE GLASSES BEFORE HE WAS ARRESTED!

SURE! CANADIAN DEFENSE WORK, NO DOUBT! WELL, MY JOB'S DONE!

I'LL SEE THAT THE GOVERNMENT LEARNS OF YOUR FINE WORK, MR. AMERICA!

FORGET IT! I'M JUST DOING MY SHARE...AS EVERY AMERICAN IS DOING TODAY!



HELLO, BOYS AND GIRLS! THANK YOU FOR WRITING IN ALL THOSE SWELL LETTERS TELLING ME WHAT YOU ARE DOING TO HELP WIN THE WAR! KEEP SENDING IN YOUR IDEAS AND SLOGANS--I'LL TRY TO PRINT AS MANY OF THEM AS I CAN! ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS TO--

BERNARD BAILY,
ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVE.,
NEW YORK CITY

ALLAN BAILYN SON
of the Bronx Sends
in this Idea...
WAR STAMP PARTY

"BLOT OUT THE
AXIS WITH WAR
STAMPS BY
PASTING
THEM IN
THE FACE!"

and the
Following
Slogan from
ESTHER MAGY,
DETROIT, MICH.

"GET WAR BONDS NOW,
DO NOT TARRY--
THEY'LL MAKE JAPS
COMMIT HARI KARI!"

"REMEMBER...
WE HAVE AN
AXIS TO
GRIND!"

from ELSIE P.
FERGUSON,
St. Albans,
New York

SEE YOU IN THE
NEXT ISSUE!
Americommand



THEY were huddled around in a circle, the warm rain pouring off their ponchos, like miniature waterfalls, and every man there was wishing day would break soon. This was no fun, being held here like this; after all, there was no telling how much longer things would go on.

A heavy footstep caused four heads to look up.

Tewson, looming large, hove into view. His eyes swept the assemblage, and he grinned: "Well," he said, "and how are all the hunters? Comfortable, I hope." He laughed at the groan that followed his ill-timed jest, and went on:

"I can't help it, boys, when I think of four experts like you guys tied down by some rain."

In the beating downpour, with water cascading from his huge frame, encased in glistening poncho, Tewson resembled one of those pictures of Victoria Falls.

He brushed the water from his face and, for the first time, the quartet noticed that his expression was serious. He had quit kidding them about their lack of something to hunt. That was too evident now as he singled out Barry.

"You used to be good on wolves, didn't you, Barry?"

Barry looked up. "I've brought down my share. And I'll do all right with this game."

"I know you will." Tewson held up his hand, to stifle protests. "Sorry, boys, this is Barry's job. He's going after a fox though wolf would be a better name for the animal." Indignation colored his homely countenance. "Maybe skunk."

Then he grinned again. "Nope, you're too good to hunt only one skunk, Barry. Come on over with me. I'll show you the trail."

Barry hustled to his feet, a slight figure, and hurried after Tewson. His hand on his rifle was rigid now, and he was telling himself that it was about time he got a break. Four men, all crack hunters, in one party

WOLF HUNT

by Tex Slade

—well, that doesn't leave much for the others.

In the rude shack, he listened carefully as Tewson, map of the unfamiliar terrain in hand, pointed out the trail Barry was to follow. "There's a lot of danger in it, Barry," he said, "and you can only miss once, you know."

Barry smiled. He had been hunting predatory animals for quite a few years now, and for the same party, and he hadn't missed yet.

He didn't tell this to Tewson, because he knew the latter was well aware of this. And a real sportsman doesn't blow his own horn; he lets his gun talk for him.

It didn't take long to digest Tewson's information. The latter was well acquainted with this country, and his explanations weren't hard to follow. It was just a matter of travelling light, without even water.

The men shook hands and, an hour before dawn, Barry started out. His prey, he had been told, was about five miles away, in thick woodland.

Oddly, Barry felt excited as he glided noiselessly along. Thoughtfully, he had taken off his heavy shoes and placed moccasins on his feet; the first time in a long while he had worn them. On this kind of a hunt, a man needs stealth.

The rain had lessened. It was still dark, although a faint streak of gray had stolen into the sky. There was yet enough time to move fast, nature permitting.

It smelled sweet there, in the virgin brush, fragrant and nostalgic, reminding Barry of his first hunt. Then he had been out after a mountain lion, who

had strayed from its usual place and was preying on the sheep of the Montana farmers.

Ten years ago! That seemed a long time now. Wolves, mountain lions, bears—and those grizzlies had been tough—and bucks. Barry's thoughts strayed to his three companions, who had stayed behind. Each of them had been all over the globe in search of big game—the rhino, the tiger, the elephant all had fallen before their guns and cameras. Only, he, Barry, had remained on the domestic scene, but he had gotten a reputation as big as they. Yes, he told himself, and I got it without money. They had been men of means, still were while he, Barry, had worked for the Department of the Interior.

Only a hunt such as this, Barry realized with sudden awe, could have brought four such men together at the one time.

A glow of pride swept through him. He had been chosen!

★ ★ ★

Barry squinted his eyes toward the East, where the first patch of red was beginning to show. It was time now to exercise perfect caution. He crouched, slid beneath a sheltering bush and studied his map. Yes, there it was. The trail should really begin here.

Barry shifted to his stomach, edged out of the protecting shelter of the huge fronds. His keen eyes took in the landscape, registered every bush and tree he could dodge behind, should his prey surprise him.

Indian fashion, sometimes running, sometimes walking rapidly, Barry dodged from

tree to tree. It was a long process and the sun was rapidly rising when he finally reached his objective. There, dense woodland faced him. Trees grew close together and should anything be hiding there, it would be difficult to tell—until perhaps too late.

Breathing easily, Barry leaned against a tree whose circumference was about the same as his lean body. Back at camp, he surmised, the boys probably would be talking things over with Tewson, maybe bawling him out for giving Barry the first crack.

Once again, Barry squinted at the forbidding trees, which looked as though they could hide an army of dangers. Heavy green leaves hid the sun from view, although rainfall still glittered on them. There was so much shade those leaves could remain moist all through the dry season.

* * *

A hundred feet ahead of Barry, there was a slight break. Heavy rains had washed away some foliage, leaving a gully. Around it, broken branches and uprooted bushes clustered. If the quarry were to be found here, as Tewson had said, that gully would come in mighty handy.

"Don't be afraid to come out in the open. It throws the animal off-guard!"

These words flashed through Barry's mind. His dad had told them to him, the first time the pair had gone out for dangerous game. As though it were yesterday, Barry could see his dad, hear his words. "Predatory animals have plenty of courage. They'll come out and fight when they see you can't find them. But look out for their first leap—I!"

There wasn't much space between his hiding place and the denser woods; about five hundred feet of clearing. Open country, they'd call it back home. Just the kind of thing a self-respecting animal would

use as a battlefield.

But this one he was tracking wouldn't. He wasn't the kind; this was a lurking animal, treacherous, waiting to seize the first unfair opportunity.

Barry's face was grim as he slid out into the open. Soundlessly, he said: "Let him come."

* * *

He moved forward, every nerve tense, but ready for action. Ahead he went, slowly, as though he had lost his way. He thought his head would burst, the way his ears strained to catch the first sound: the rustle of a leaf, the crackling of a twig, the warning cry of a bird. Or—

"Wheeee!"

There it was, snarling through the air. No time now to look quickly, no time to depend upon anything but natural instinct for locating the sound.

Barry's body whirled. A sharp, hot pain seared his earlobe as he rolled toward the gully, rolling, rolling. . . .

He crashed into the muddy, slime-filled hole and breathed a sigh of relief as brush and foliage fell atop him.

Not a muscle moved then, nothing but Barry's eyes which were riveted on the spot from which the sound had come. He couldn't be sure of the location; maybe he would never know. It was a matter of natural instinct now, hunter's instinct.

There was no movement in the treetops, either, not even the trembling of a leaf; for the morning was very still and hot, as it always got after a storm.

The minutes dragged on, and still Barry did not move, nor did his gaze waver from the tree his eyes had selected. A half hour passed and now numbness was in his body, and his eyes felt hot and burning. Yet they remained fixed.

* * *

The water in which Barry was lying was getting warmer, and perspiration poured in rivu-

lets down his face, which was being patrolled by scores of tiny insects. His back felt alive and crawling, but Barry's hand, on the rifle hidden beneath the leaves, was steady.

How much longer? Would he have to wait until these insects blinded him? Or would his prey strike again? Such were the thoughts that tormented Barry.

Suddenly, the weariness fell away from him. Had he seen rightly? Did a leaf suddenly move cautiously, in a heavily-foliaged part of the tree? Carefully, he inched his gun to him, got it to his shoulder. He paused for a moment that seemed an eternity, his eye in the telescopic sight. There was no second chance! This one had to be good.

He pressed the trigger.

* * *

The quiet woods resounded with the crack. Barry stared at the tree. What had happened? Missed? He held his breath, every muscle of his body tensed, waiting for the shot that must be returned.

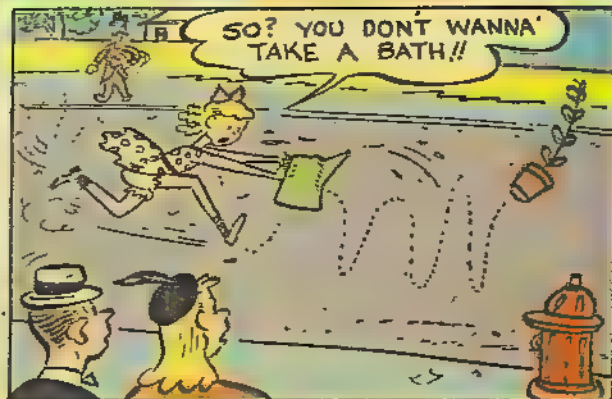
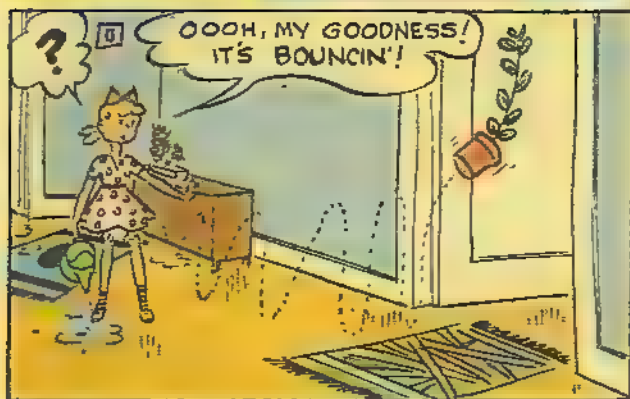
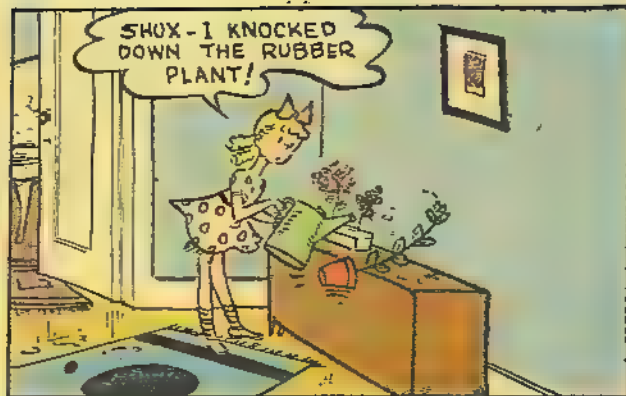
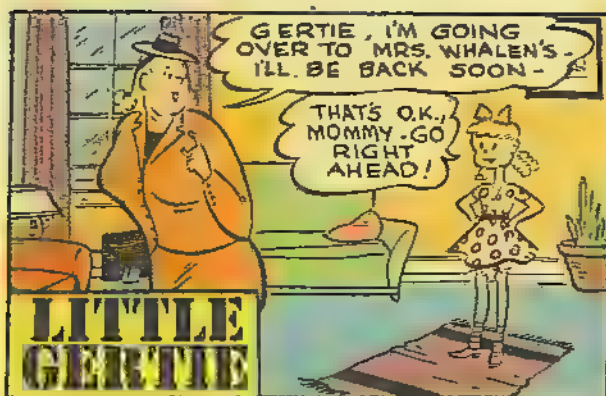
And then he saw the body falling from the topmost branches of the tree. It dropped noiselessly on the thick grass. A sigh of relief came from Barry's lips as he moved cautiously over and then, closer, his eyes showed his surprise.

The fiendish devils! No wonder they had been getting away with it! The little yellow man wasn't yellow, but green—face and uniform were the color of the leaves!

Barry bent over, looked at the dead Jap. A smile of satisfaction came over his face as he took off the Jap's cap. Barry's bullet had gone dead center into the sniper's forehead.

Happily, Barry picked up the sniper's gun, to take back to camp. A guy could get in some good hunting in this war!

THE
END



BIGGEST AND BEST!

THIS IS IT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN --- **96 PAGES** OF HIGH-POWERED SUPER-ACTION FEATURES! ALL BRAND-NEW, NEVER-BEFORE-PUBLISHED ---AND THE **ONLY** MAGAZINE CONTAINING **BOTH SUPERMAN AND BATMAN!**

WORLD'S FINEST COMICS

No. 7 15¢

96 PAGES

CONGO BILL

EVERYWHERE IN CHINA, A GALLANT PEOPLE ARE FIGHTING TO REPEL THE BARBARIC NIPPONESE INVADER! THIS IS THE STORY OF A DARING YANKEE, CAUGHT IN THE TITANIC STRUGGLE, WHO PERFORMED AN ACT SO HEROIC THAT... EVEN TO THIS DAY... HE IS REMEMBERED AS...
"THE ONE-MAN ARMY"!

THE CHINESE FOOLS SLEEP!
 RELEASE BOMBS!!

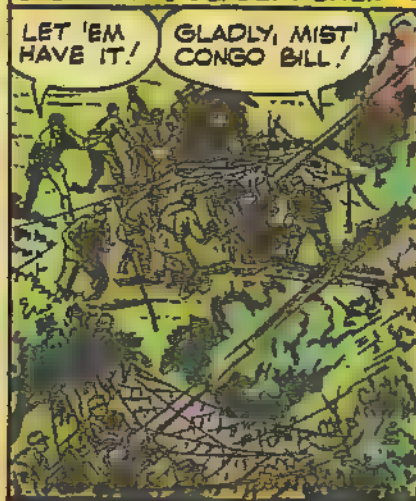
DAWN STREAKS THE SKY OVER A CHINESE VILLAGE... AND JAPANESE BOMBERS DIVE SUDDENLY OUT OF CLOUD-BANKS!

AND THE NIPPONESE WAR-BIRDS CRASH TO THE GROUND, PREY TO THE BARRAGE...

BELOW... A RING OF STEEL THAT CIRCLES THE APPARENTLY SLEEPING VILLAGE SUDDENLY BREAKS INTO DEADLY ACTION...

LET 'EM HAVE IT!

GLADLY, MIST' CONGO BILL!



YES...THIS IS THE
HEART OF EMBATTLED
CHINA, WHERE CONGO
BILL...ADVENTURER
AND DAREDEVIL...
LEADS A BAND OF
STOUT-HEARTED
GUERRILLAS FIGHTING
VALIANTLY FOR THEIR
HOMELAND! LET US
SEE HOW IT ALL
BEGAN...

A JAPANESE OCCUPIED TOWN
SOMEWHERE IN CHINA!

THOSE JAP BOMBERS
DIDN'T MISS A THING!

OUT OF
WAY, WHITE-
FACED
DOG!

H-HEY! THIS
SIDEWALK IS
PLENTY WIDE
FOR BOTH
OF US!

NO MATTER HOW WIDE
STREET, THERE IS STILL
NOT ROOM FOR HONOR-
ABLE JAPANESE AND
DESPISED WHITE
MAN!

THE MONICKER IS CONGO
BILL... AND HOW DO YOU
LIKE BEING PUSHED
AROUND?

UGH!

HERE'S ANOTHER ONE
FOR CHINA! INTO THE
GUTTER WHERE ALL
JAPS BELONG!

ALMS, WHITE
MASTER! I
WILL TELL
YOU A
STORY
FOR
SILVER!

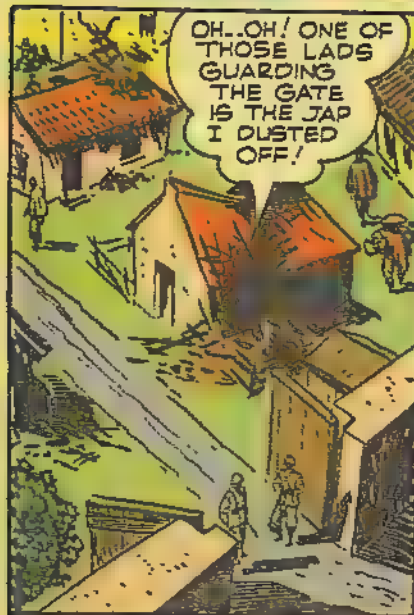
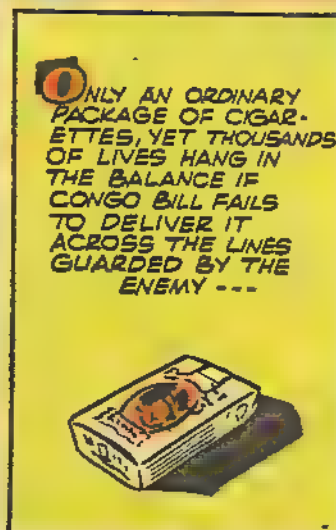
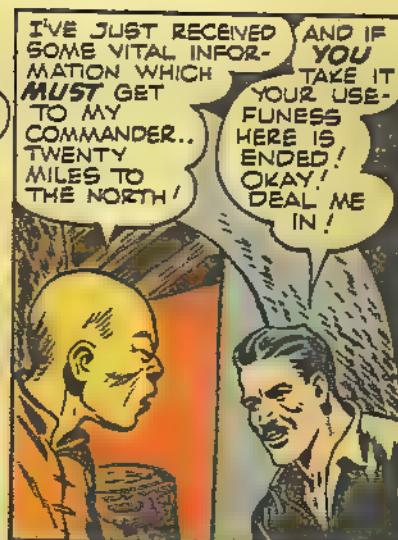
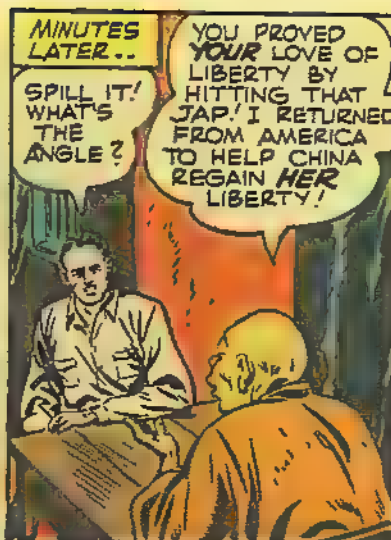
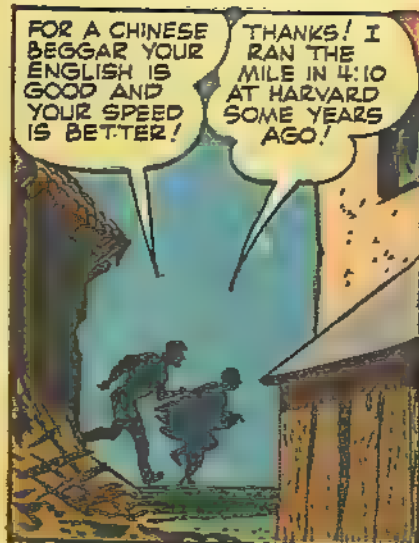
NEVER MIND
THE STORY!
THIS IS ON
ME!

SUDDENLY!

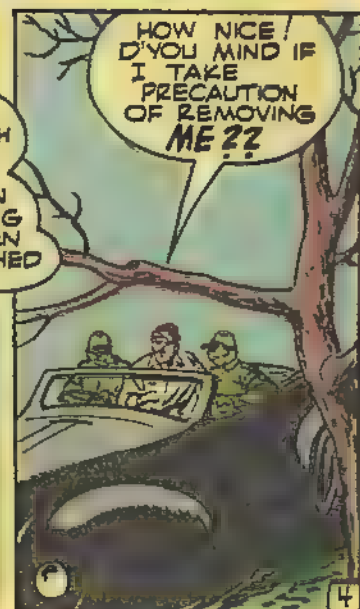
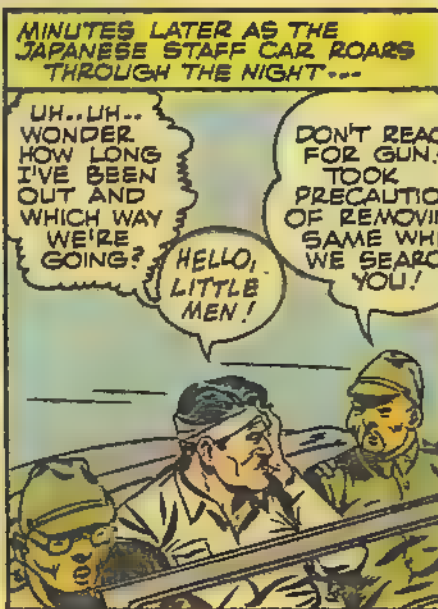
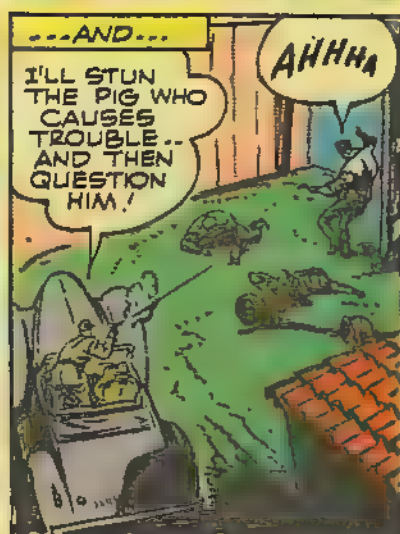
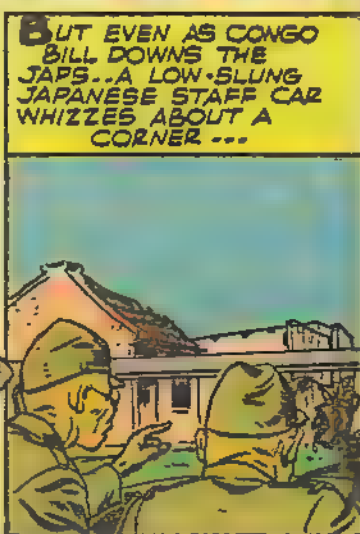
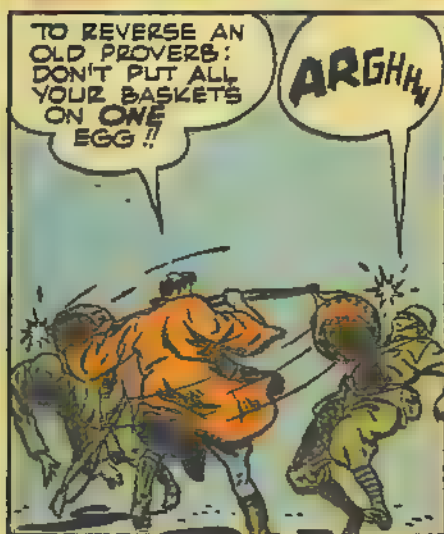
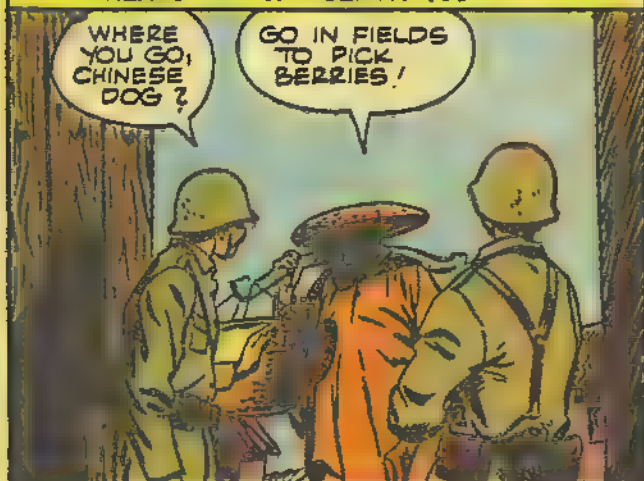
OOF!

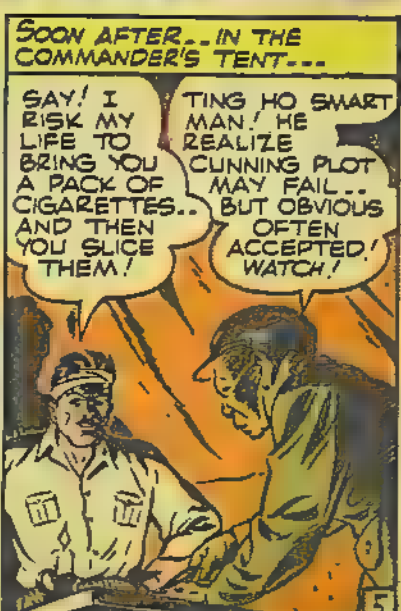
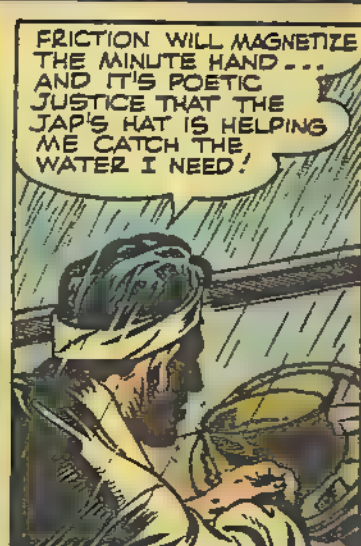
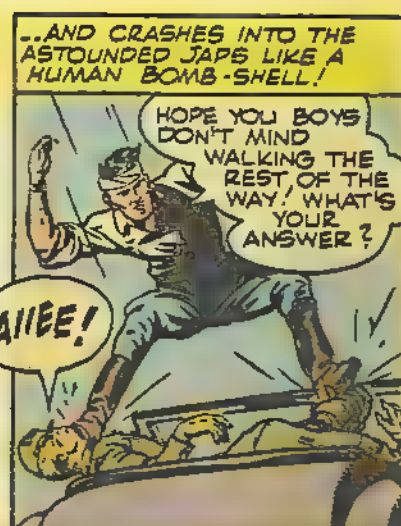
WHAT'S THE
IDEA OF
POKING ME?
IS EVERYBODY
SORE?

SORRY...BUT
I WANTED
YOUR
ATTENTION...
AND NOW LET
US FLEE
BEFORE YONDER
JAP ARISES!



MOMENTS LATER, A DISGUISED CONGO BILL NEARS THE JAP SENTRY...





JAPANESE TAKE YOUR GUN
BECAUSE THEY SEE SAME!
BUT..NO HAVE IMAGINATION
TO SEE THAT THOUGH
NATURAL FOR AMERICAN TO
CARRY AMERICAN CIGARETTES..
MESSAGE MAY BE WRITTEN
INSIDE PAPER OF SAME!



MUST 'LEAVE YOU
WITH THANKS!
MESSAGE REPORT
JAPANESE INTEND
BOMB CHINESE
VILLAGE AND THEN
USE IRON ORE
DEPOSITS
NEARBY!



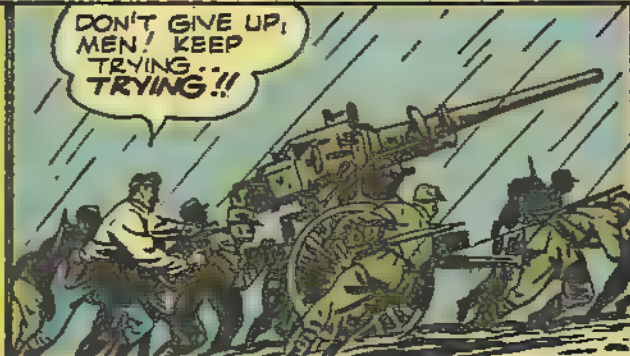
YOU'RE NOT
LEAVING
ME
BEHIND! I
BEGAN
THIS..AND
I'LL SEE
IT
THROUGH!

THROUGH THE STORMY
NIGHT, UNCOMPLAINING
CHINESE TROOPS PUSH
ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS
THROUGH THE MUD---



LENDING HIS
MUSCLE TO
THE HEAVY
GOING IS A
GRIM-
FACED
WHITE MAN..
**CONGO
BILL!**

DON'T GIVE UP,
MEN! KEEP
TRYING..
TRYING!!



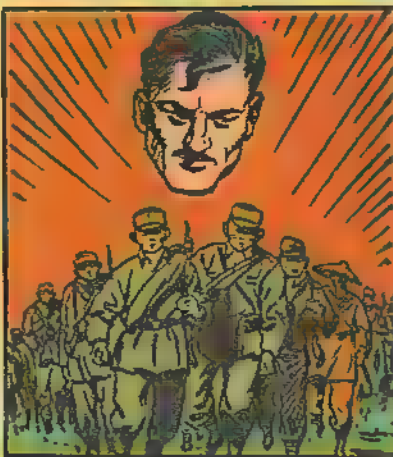
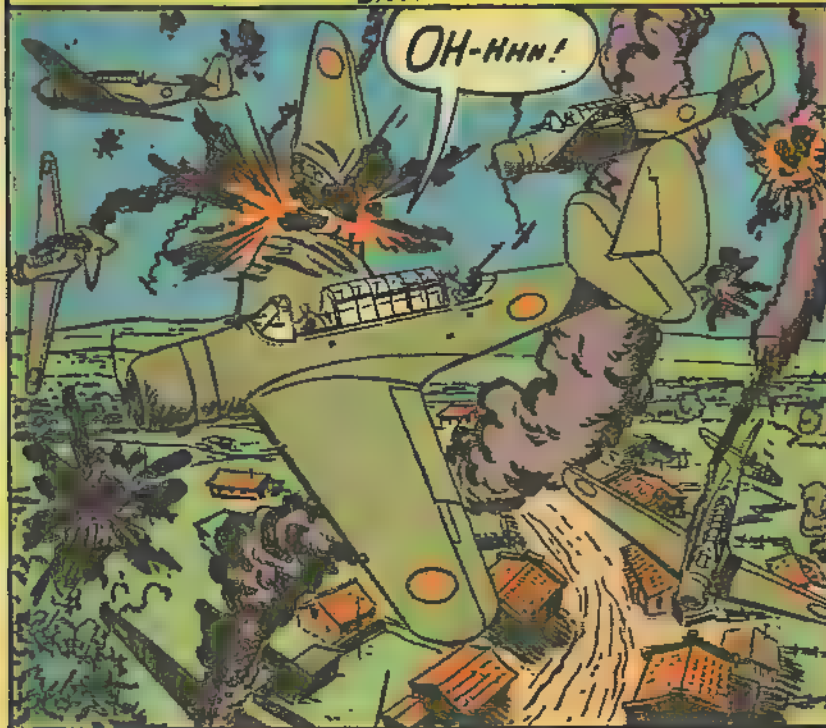
AND SO...HOURS LATER..
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF AN
UNFORTIFIED CHINESE
VILLAGE---

HERE
THEY
COME!
NOW!

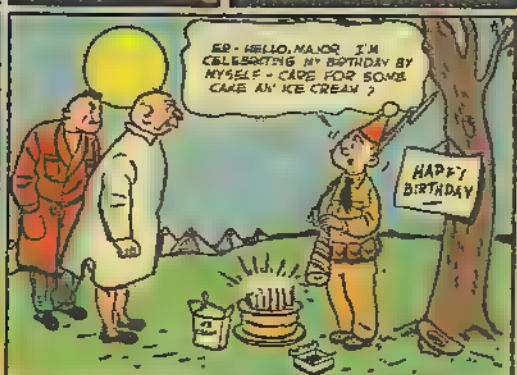
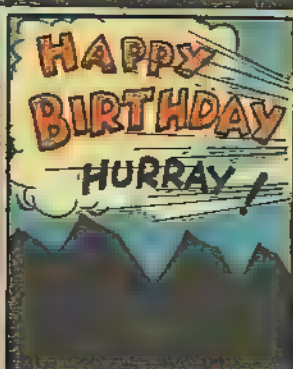
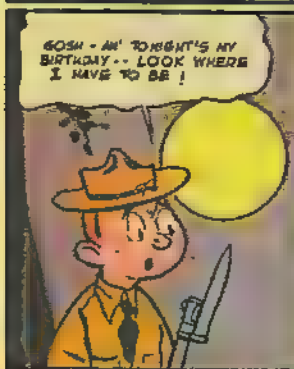
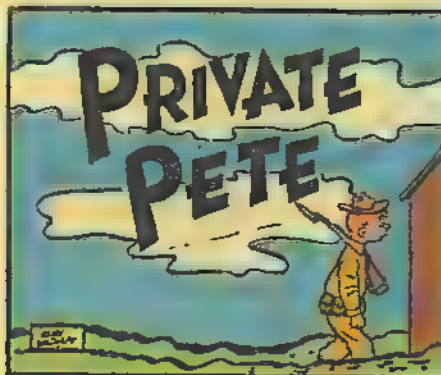


AND THE JAPANESE VULTURES ARE BLASTED FROM THE
SKY!

OH-HNN!



YES!! CHINA'S LIMITLESS
LEGIONS MARCH ON AND ON..
AND IN THE HEARTS OF ALL
IS ENGRAVED THE NAME
OF THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR..
CONGO BILL!



MEET YANK AND DOODLE!

UNCLE SAM'S
BATTLING
NEPHEWS
BATTLE THEIR
WAY THROUGH
EVERY ISSUE
OF

PRIZE COMICS

PLUS OTHER
BIG-TIME
FAST-TIME
FEATURES!



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PANAMA "U. S. FLAG" STAMP

Shows Old Glory in natural colors also Nicaragua Will Rogers NORTH MONGOLIA DIAMOND (world's biggest), airmail TRIANGLE, Far Eastern Republic, Thailand, Antipodes, Vatican Slave Colony Puppet, etc.—all with approvals. BELMONT STAMPS, Dept. 790, Washington, D.C.

GIVEN! Giant & Midget TRIANGLES

from Holofia and Siberia, also STAMP COLLECTION from Cannibal Island, Arabia, Thailand, Treasure Islands, Mosquito stamp, smallest stamp, etc.—all GIVEN with approvals for 3c postage. Semine Stamps, Halesburg-N. Baltimore, Md.

POLISH "ANTI-HITLER" STAMP

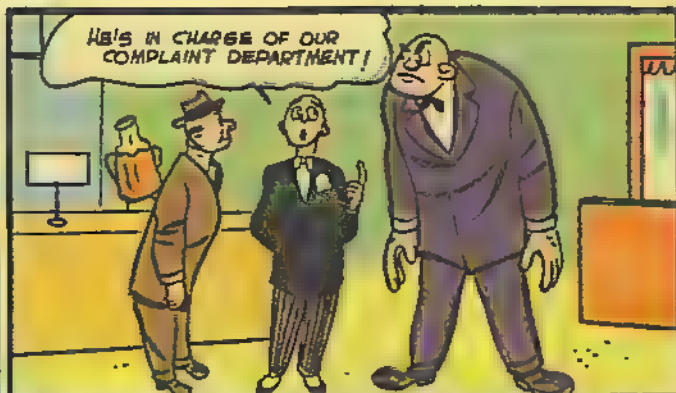
Shows bombed U. S. Embassy, Ecuador with U. S. Flag, Giant Diamond; Chinese "Midget"; Soviet Soldier, R.A. 8 "Hitler"; "bulldog" stamp; Glade, Asia, Africa, ex Nazi colony, "earthquake" airmail, etc. all with approvals. Potense Stamps, Dept. 8A, Washington, D. C.

FOR VICTORY



BUY
UNITED
STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

LAFFS





HERE IT IS, BOYS AND GIRLS!

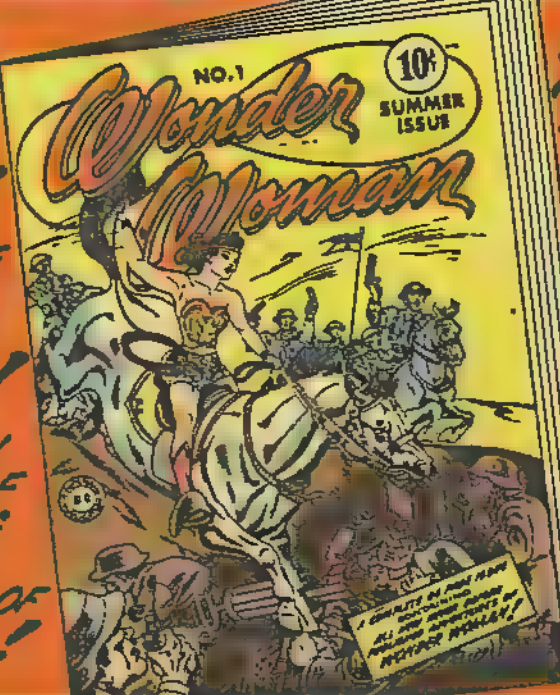
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ANOTHER AT COMRAISON TO THE OTHER HONORARY MEMBERS OF THE JUSTICE SOCIETY!

SUPERMAN • BATMAN • THE FLASH • GREEN LANTERN



ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

BY JOSEPH
SULMAN

SKATES SLIDE SWIFTLY OVER THE ICE AS SASHA HENRY THRILLS THOUSANDS WITH HER FLAWLESS SKATING FORM... UNAWARE THAT THE UNDERWORLD HAS COOLLY DECIDED SHE NEEDS "PROTECTION"...

BUT GANGLAND'S PROFITS ARE FROZEN WHEN IT RUNS AFOUL OF THE MASTER MAGICIAN, ZATARA, IN THE ADVENTURE OF "CRIME ON ICE!"



BACKSTAGE AT THE ICE SHOW OF 1942.

A MAN TO SEE YOU, MISS SASHA? CALLS HIMSELF A TERRIBLE BUTCHER?

I DON'T NEED ANY MEAT!



BAD BUTCH! I'M BAD BUTCH, I TOLD YA! NOW QUIT THE KIDDIN'! OUTA TH' WAY!

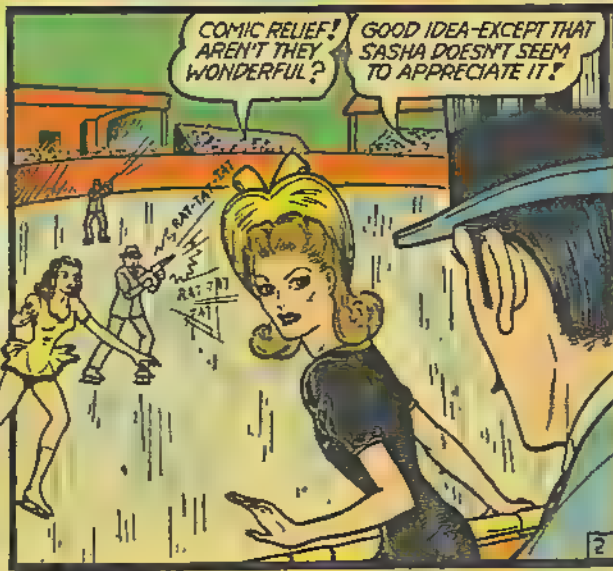
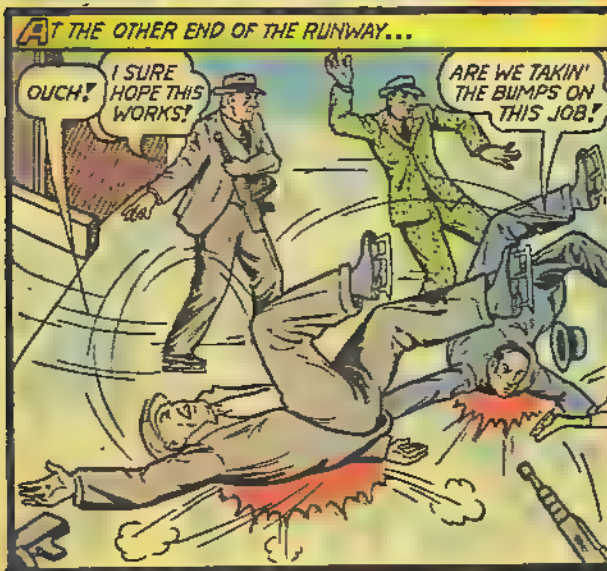
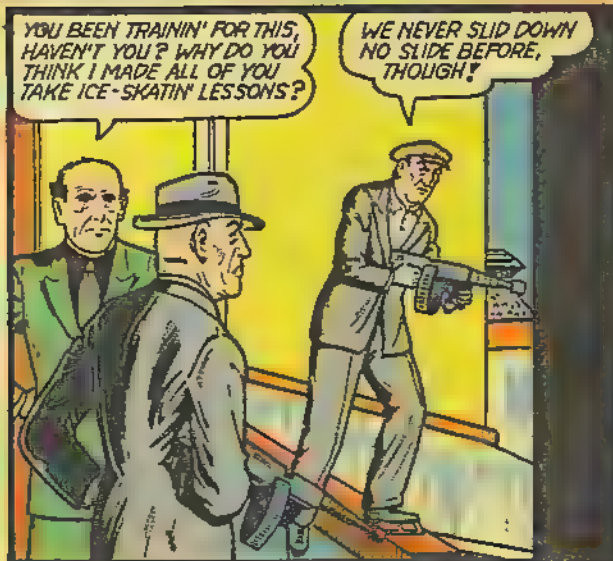
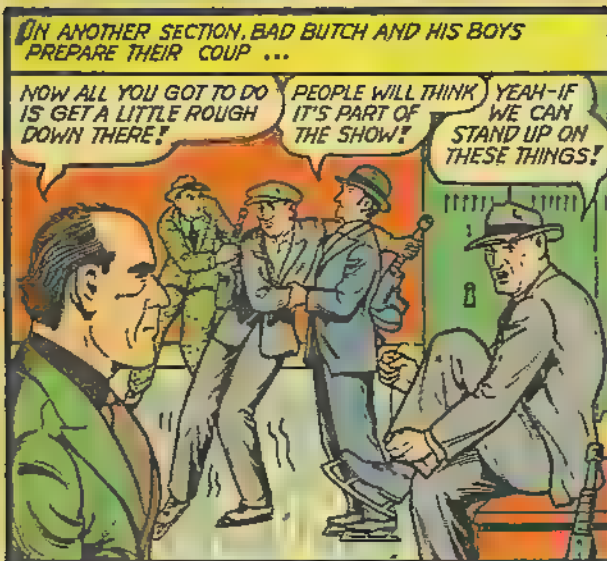
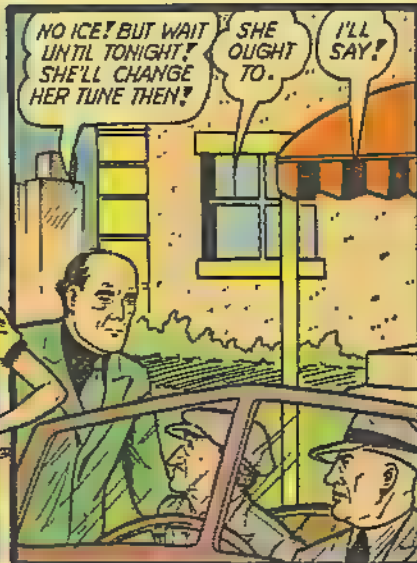
OHH!

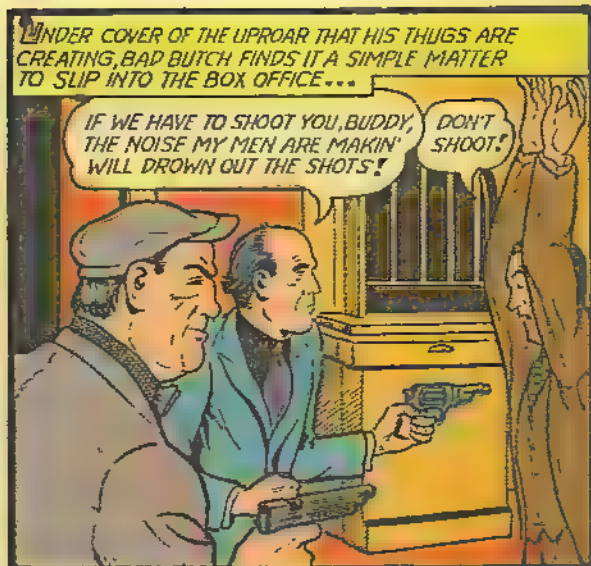


I COME TO SEE YOU BECAUSE ME AND MY BOYS DECIDED YOU NEEDED PROTECTION! YOU GOT A SWELL SHOW AND WE WANT A CUT!

BUT-BUT- PROTECTION AGAINST WHAT?









SETAKS NRUTER OT TEEF!
EB SNOOLLAB!
THAT WILL HOLD THEM
WHILE I SEE BAD BUTCH!



THIS
IS
HUMILIATIN'!

IT'S WORSE THAN THAT-IT'S CONFUSIN'
AM I STANDING UPSIDE-DOWN
OR AM I LYING DOWN
BACKWARDS?



WORG
HTEET!



OWW!

HE'S GETTING
A MOUTHFUL!



A HUGE BROOM APPEARS AND
SWEEPS OUT THE GUNMAN...

MOORB PEEWS! THIS IS THE ONLY
AND THAT IS A SWEEPSTAKE I
FEEL LIKE DIRT!
EVER WON! BOY, DO I!



THERE'S ONLY ONE ANSWER
TO WHAT I'M
SEEN'-ZATARA!



I'LL SNEAK
THROUGH
THE BUILDING
AND OUT THE
BACK WAY!

I'M WAITING. WHAT'S
BEHIND THIS
NONSENSE??



HE'LL NEVER THINK
OF COMING THIS WAY
FOR ME... OH, OH!
THERE'S SASHA!
THAT GIVES ME
AN IDEA!

DRESSING
ROOMS

NO SENSE IN STRUGGLIN'!
I GOTTA HAVE A HOSTAGE!
IF I DON'T, THAT MAGICIAN'LL
MINCE ME INTO
SWISS CHEESE!

OHH!

NOBODY'S IN SIGHT!
SWELL! MY CAR'S
JUST AROUND THE
CORNER!

PLEASE,
MR. ZATARA,
NO MORE
TRICKS! MY
TICKER
AIN'T UP
TO IT!

ALL RIGHT, BUT YOU'D
BETTER START TICKING
WITH INFORMATION!

IT WAS BAD BUTCH! HE SWIPED
THE MONEY FROM THE FRONT
OFFICE WHILE THE REST OF
THE BOYS WAS CLOWNIN' ON
THE RINK, MAKIN' A LOT
OF NOISE TO COVER UP
FOR HIM!!

THE MIGHTY MAGE MAKES
A MAGIC GESTURE...

YENOM
NRUTER!

POWERFUL WIND CURRENTS HURTLE DOWN THE STREET...

IT'S DOWN THERE,
IN THAT
CAR!

LET'S GO
GET IT!

I GUESS I'M PRETTY SAFE NOW!
NOTHING CAN HURT ME! I'VE GOT
THE DOUGH AND SASHA HENRY
FOR A HOSTAGE IN CASE
I'M CAUGHT!

SWISH

MEANWHILE,
BAD BUTCH
REACHES A
DESERTED HOUSE
THAT HE HAS
PREPARED
FOR JUST THIS
EMERGENCY---

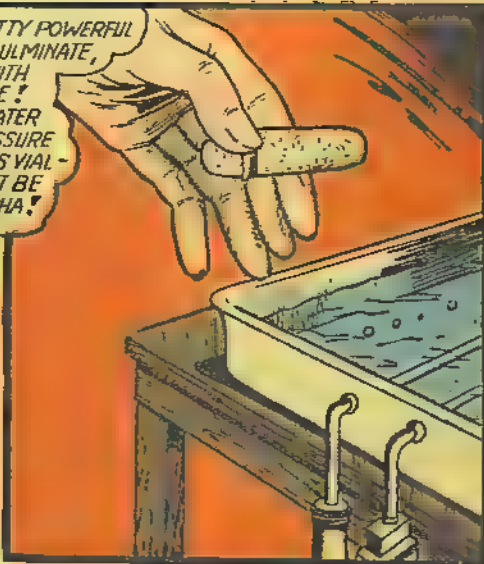


I'LL TIE YOU AND
LEAVE YOU HERE UNTIL
I CAN LEARN WHETHER
ZATARA IS WILLING
TO MAKE
A DEAL!

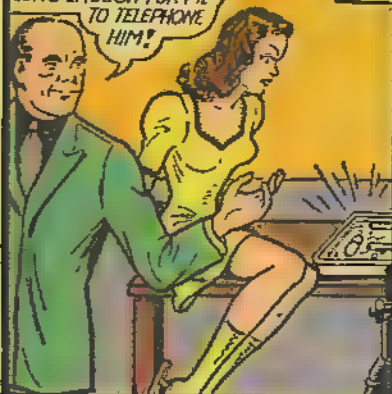


ZATARA
WILL BEAT
YOU YET,
YOU BIG
FAKER!

SEE THIS? IT'S A PRETTY POWERFUL
EXPLOSIVE, MERCURY FULMINATE,
THAT WORKS WITH
SLOW PRESSURE!
WHEN THIS WATER
FREEZES, ITS PRESSURE
WILL EXPLODE THIS VIAL -
AND YOU WON'T BE
AROUND, SASHA!



BUT THAT'S ONLY IN CASE ZATARA
WOON'T LISTEN TO REASON!
THE AMMONIA PIPES WILL
FREEZE THAT WATER IN
FIFTEEN MINUTES -
LONG ENOUGH FOR ME
TO TELEPHONE
HIM!



HE TOOK HER OUT
THE BACK WAY!



THAT'S ALL
I WANT
TO KNOW!

ZATARA, A MAN
ON THE PHONE
FOR YOU. HE SAYS
IT'S ABOUT
SASHA HENRY!

IT'S PROBABLY
BAD BUTCH?



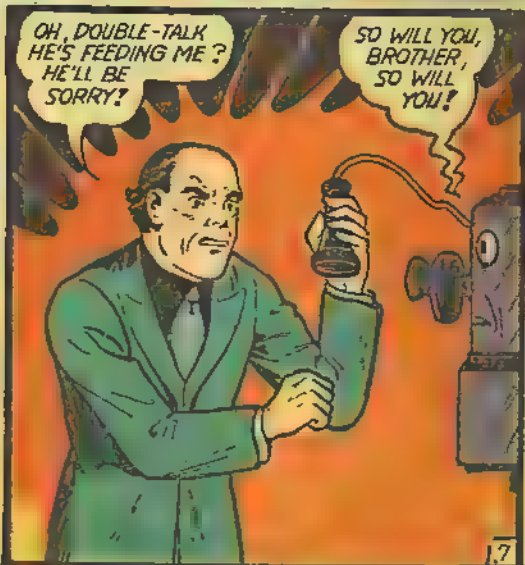
YOU HEARD ME! UNLESS YOU
LET ME LEAVE THE CITY WITH
THE MONEY YOU TOOK BACK
TO THE SPORTS PALACE -
SASHA DIES!



BUT YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND THAT -
ENOHPELET OG
OTNI NOITCA!



OH, DOUBLE-TALK
HE'S FEEDING ME?
HE'LL BE
SORRY!

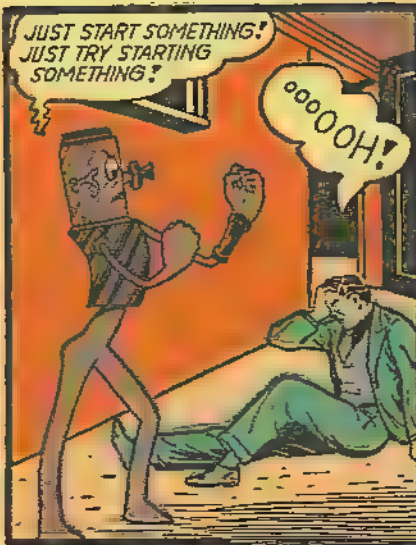


SO WILL YOU,
BROTHER,
SO WILL
YOU!



WHAT-
OOOH!

THIS IS SOMETHING
YOU'LL NEVER
TELL 'PHONEY!



JUST START SOMETHING!
JUST TRY STARTING
SOMETHING?

OOOOH!



AS THE MINUTES TICK PAST, SASHA STARES
WITH HORRIFIED EYES AT THE FREEZING
WATER THAT SPELLS HER DOOM...

AS THE ICE FREEZES, ITS PRESSURE
WILL EXPLODE THE MERCURY FULMINATE
AND I'LL DIE! I DON'T WANT
TO DIE! HELP!
HELP!



IN THE MANAGER'S OFFICE AT THE SPORTS PALACE...

MY PSYCHIC SELF TELLS ME SASHA
IS IN DANGER! THERE ISN'T MUCH...
MUCH TIME... I MUST REACH HER
AT ONCE!



THE MIGHTY MAGE'S ASTRAL SOUL PROJECTS ITSELF
THROUGH SPACE, HIGH OVER THE CITY BELOW...

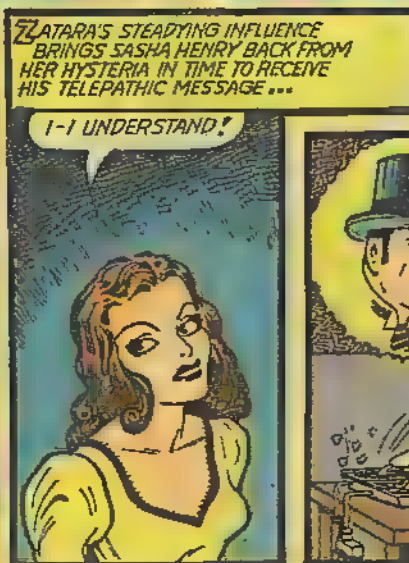
I CAN HEAR HER
CALLS FAINTLY...
YET THEY GROW
STRONGER..



ZATARA'S IMAGE PENETRATES THE WALL...

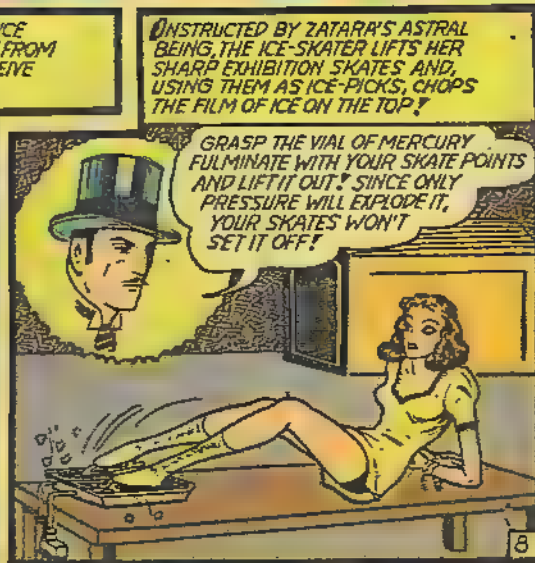
THAT ICE THREATENS
HER! SASHA -
YOU KNOW
WHAT TO DO?

HELP!
HELP!



ZATARA'S STEADYING INFLUENCE
BRINGS SASHA HENRY BACK FROM
HER HYSTERIA IN TIME TO RECEIVE
HIS TELEPATHIC MESSAGE...

I-I UNDERSTAND!



INSTRUCTED BY ZATARA'S ASTRAL
BEING, THE ICE-SKATER LIFTS HER
SHARP EXHIBITION SKATES AND,
USING THEM AS ICE-PICKS, CHOPS
THE FILM OF ICE ON THE TOP!

GRASP THE VIAL OF MERCURY
FULMINATE WITH YOUR SKATE POINTS
AND LIFT IT OUT! SINCE ONLY
PRESSURE WILL EXPLODE IT,
YOUR SKATES WON'T
SET IT OFF!



ZATARA, MASTER OF ILLUSION, DIPS AGAIN INTO HIS BAG OF TRICKS AND PULLS OUT SUPER-SURPRISES IN NEXT MONTH'S ACTION COMICS!



THE END-



LOOK FOR THIS
TRADEMARK
FOR
THE BEST IN
COMIC MAGAZINES!



NOW ON SALE

FREE

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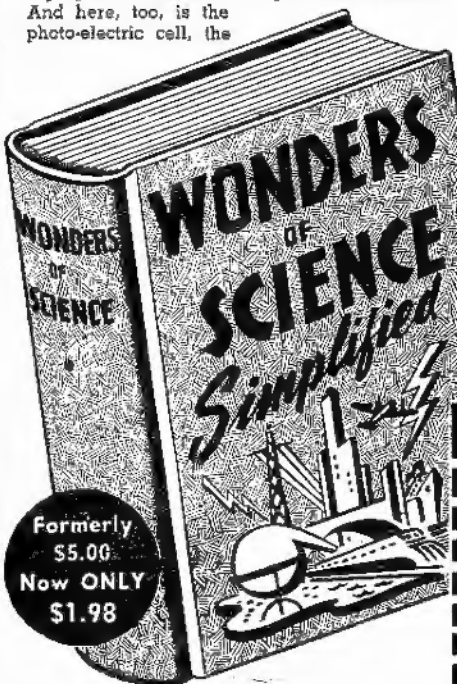
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